

# REMAINS

OF

*Mr. John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE;

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *H. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* over  
against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil*. 1697.





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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest ( tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough paced Fanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England purely for Conscience sake ) but for securing the reputation of Mr. Oldham ; which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good fortune to publish first his Pieces.

He confesses it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous Works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death ; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to Print these follow-

## Advertisement.

ing Miscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He is not of the same persuasion with several others of his own profession, that never care how much they lessen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the value of the Book; that ransack the Studies of the deceased, and Print all that passed under the Author's hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley has exprest it) think a rude heap of ill-placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.

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To the MEMORY of  
**Mr. O L D H A M.**

**F**arewel, too little and too lately known,  
 Whom I began to think and call my own ;  
 For sure our Souls were near ally'd ; and thine  
 Cast in the same Poetick mould with mine.  
 One common Note on either Lyre did strike,  
 And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike :  
 To the same Goal did both our Studies drive,  
 The last set out the soonest did arrive.  
 Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place, ( Race.  
 While his young Friend perform'd and won the  
 O early ripe! to thy abundant store  
 What could advancing Age have added more ?  
 It might ( what Nature never gives the young )  
 Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.  
 But Satyr needs not those, and Wit will shine  
 Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.  
 A noble Error and but seldom made.  
 When Poets are by too much force betray'd.  
 Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their  
     prime  
 Still shew'd a quickness ; and maturing time  
 But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of  
     Rhime.  
 Once more, hail and farewell ; farewell you young,  
 But ah too short, *Marcellus* of our Tongue ;  
 Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound ;  
 But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

# Authori Epitaphium.

**H**OC, ô Viator, marmore conditæ  
Charæ recumbunt Exuvie brevem  
    Viventis ( oh! sors dura ) vitam,  
    Præcoce calum animâ petentis.  
Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diû,  
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus  
    Effloruit, portisque mille  
    Præpes iter patefecit altam.  
Musarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus  
Instructus almis, quas, studio pio,  
    Atque aure quàm fidâ repostas,  
    Oxonii coluit Parentis.  
Hic quadriennis præmia Filii  
Dignus recepi, Vellera candida,  
    Collati Honoris signa, necnon  
    Innocui simulacra cordis.  
Sed manè montis summa cacumina  
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo  
    Infedit, atque erre multo  
    Ipsam Heliconâ scatere vidit.  
Nunc pura veri Flumina perspicit,  
Nunc mira Mundi semina concipit,  
    Pulchrasque primævi figuras,  
    In speculo species, creante,  
At Tu, viator, Numina poscito,  
Ut dissolutis reliquiis, vaga  
    Dum mens remigret, detur—— ab ! sit  
    Terra levis, placidusque somnus.

# On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

## A Pindarique Pastoral Ode.

### Stanza I.

**U**Ndoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,  
Ah, miserable *Astragon*!

Thou art condemn'd alone

To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life;  
Still in this howling Wilderness to roam,  
While all thy Bosom-friends unkindly go,  
And leave thee to lament them here below.

Thy dear *Alexis* would not stay,  
Joy of thy Life, and pleasure of thine Eyes,

Dear *Alexis* went away

With an invincible Surprize;

Th' Angellike Youth early dislik'd this State,  
And chearfully submitted to his Fate,

Never did Soul of a Celestial Birth

Form a purer piece of earth!

O that 'twere not in vain

To wish what's past might be retriev'd again!

Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then

Had answer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,

And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy silver Hairs,

Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

### II.

And thou, my Friend, hast left me too,  
*Menalcas*! poor *Menalcas*! even thou,



Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke  
In the Records of her immortal Book.  
Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come  
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.  
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice  
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age  
Might tremble at the Lash of thy poetick Rage.

Th' untutor'd World in after Times  
May live uncensur'd for their Crimes,  
Free from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,  
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again.  
Of all th' instructive Bards, whose more than *Theban*  
Lyre

Could savage Souls with manly Thoughts inspire,  
*Menalcas* worthy was to live,  
Say, you his Fellow Shepherds that survive,  
Tell me, you mournful Swains,  
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,  
In all these pensive Plains  
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:  
Which of you all did more Majestick Show,  
Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow?

III.

— But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more  
The loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore:

Is altogether blest;  
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breast,  
No midnight Cares can break his Rest;  
For all is Everlasting cheerful Dawn.  
The Poet's Bliss there shall he long possess,  
Perfect Ease and soft Recess;

The



The treacherous World no more shall him deceive:  
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:  
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,  
    (His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)  
    O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spight,  
    And the dull wealthy Fool's Disdain.  
Thrice happy he that dies the Muses Friend,  
He needs no *Obelisque*, no Pyramid  
    His sacred Dust to hide,  
He needs not for his Memory to provide;  
For he might well foresee his Praise can never end.

*Thomas Flatman.*

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### *In Memory of the Author.*

**T**AKE this short summon'd loose unfinished Verse,  
Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Herse;  
From my sick thoughts thou canst no better crave,  
Who scarce drag Life and envy thee thy Grave.  
Me *Phæbus* always faintly did inspire,  
And gave my narrow Breast more scanty Fire.  
My *Hybla* Muse through humble Meads sought  
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil; (Spoil,  
Yet when some Friend's just Fame did Theme afford,  
Her Voice among the tow'ring Swans was heard,  
In vain for such Attendance now I call,  
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;  
Yet,

Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my Esteem of thee  
Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.  
Death is my Gain—that Thought affects me most,  
I care not what th'ill natur'd World has lost.  
For Wit with thee expir'd how shall I grieve?  
Who grudge th' ingrateful Age what thou didst  
The Tribute of their Verse let others send, (leave,  
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.  
Enjoy the Fate —thy Predecessors come,  
*Cowley* and *Butler* to conduct thee home.  
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage  
New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?  
For such Rewards what Task will Authors shun?  
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?

Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;  
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo's* Praise:  
Let me retire, while some sublimer Pen  
Performs for thee what thou hast done for *Homer*  
and for *Ben*. N. T.

---

*On the ensuing Poems of Mr. John Oldham,  
and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious  
Author.*

O Bscure and cloudy did the day appear,  
As Heaven design'd to blot it from the year;  
The Elements all seem'd to disagree,  
At least, I'm sure, they were at strife in me:

Posselt

Posselt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,  
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead.  
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,  
VVas cropt, like a sweet Blossom from the Earth,  
VVhere late he grew, delighting every Eye  
In his rare Garden of Philosophy.

The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuse,  
And all my Griefs were doubled at the News:  
For we with mutual Arms of Friendship strove,  
Friendship the true and solid part of Love;  
And he so many Graces had in store,  
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.  
His VVit in his immortal Verse appears,  
Many his Virtues were, tho' few his Years;  
Which were so spent as if by Heaven contriv'd,  
To lash the Vices of the longer liv'd.  
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,  
A Poet in its sacred Quality.

Inspir'd above and could command each Passion,  
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.  
A Calm of Nature still posselt his Soul,  
No canker'd Envy did his Breast controul:  
Modest as Virgins that have never known  
The jilting Breeding of the nauseous Town;  
And easie as his Numbers that sublime  
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime.  
Till the Time's Ignominy inspir'd his Pen,  
And rouz'd the drowsie Satyr from his Den;  
Then fluttering Fops were his Aversion still,  
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.

The Spark, whole Noise proclaims his empty Pate,  
That struts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;

And

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools  
Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.  
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,  
And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.  
To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,  
And as he well could judge, could well commend;  
The mighty *Homer* he with Care Perus'd,  
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;  
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,  
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew:  
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,  
With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.  
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,  
But Pride to know he understood it well.  
Adieu thou modest Type of perfect Man;  
Ah, had not thy perfections that began  
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd so soon,  
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;  
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,  
And knowing Heav'n, from whence thy *Genius* came,  
Assign'd thee by immutable Decree  
A glorious Crown of Immortality.  
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below  
Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.  
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;  
But Poets in the next have their Reward;  
And Heaven in *Oldham's* Fortune seem'd to show,  
No Recompence was good enough below:  
So to prevent the Worlds ingrateful Crimes,  
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Dursley.

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## On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

**H**Ark ! is it only my prophetick Fear,  
Or some Death's sad Alarum that I hear ;  
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell ;  
It rings aloud, eternally farewell :  
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Isle,  
Whose forward Parts made all our Nation smile,  
In whom both Wit and Knowledg did conspire, }  
And Nature gaz'd as if she did admire }  
How such few years such Learning could acquire : }  
Nay seem'd concern'd that we should hardly find  
So sharp a Pen, and so serene a Mind.  
Oh then lament ; let each distracted Breast  
With universal Sorrow be possess'd.  
Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, and your Songs give o'er :  
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.  
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant years,  
Cold, pale and ghastly as the Grave appears :  
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring  
Stream,  
Your daily pleasure, and your mighty Theme,  
Is now no more ; the Youth, the Youth is dead,  
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled ;  
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known ;  
No sooner seen, but in a moment gone :  
Like to some tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,  
At length becomes more fragrant, and most fair ;  
Long



Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,  
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;  
Then comes a Blast, and all the VVork is vain:

But Oh! my Friend, must we no more rehearse  
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse?  
In Love how soft, in Satyr how severe?  
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere:  
*Virgil* in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,  
An easie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;  
*Horace* in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,  
And even *Biblis* must each Heart engage!  
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,  
VVou'd flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire;  
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to see,  
Of wondrous VVorth, yet wondrous Modesty.  
So far from Ostentation he did seem.  
That he was meanest in his own Esteem.  
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be  
At once our Glory and our Misery?  
Our Misery in losing thee is more  
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:  
For shou'd a Soul celestial Joys possess,  
And straight be banish'd from that Happiness,  
Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?  
The Bliss once tasted but augments the Pain:  
So having once so great a Prize in thee,  
How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?  
For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,  
What if thou'dst liv'd, O what had been thy Praise  
Eternal Wreaths of never dying Bays:  
But those are due already to thy Name,  
VVhich stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;

And



And though thy great Remains to Ashes turn,  
With lasting Praises we'll supply thy Urn,  
Which like Sepulchral Lamps shall ever burn.

But hold! methinks, great Shade, I see thee rove  
Through the smooth Path of Plenty, Peace and  
Love;

Where *Ben* salutes thee first, o'erjoy'd to see  
The Youth that sung his Fame and Memory:  
Great *Spencer* next, with all the learned Train,  
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:  
*Adonis* is the Joy of all the Plain.

*Tho. Andrews.*

---

## DAMON, an ECLOGUE

*On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.*

*Corydon.*

*Alexis.*

**B**eneath a dismal Yew the Shepherds fate, Fate.  
And talk'd of *Damon's* Muse and *Damon's*  
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Ease;  
For sometimes Melancholy it self does please:  
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to distress,  
Yet ev'n their Grievs in musick they express.

*Cor.* I'll sing no more since Verses want a  
Charm,

The Muses could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At least I'll touch this useless Pipe no more,  
Unless, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades restore.

A. Rather, lik *Orpheus* celebrate your Friend,  
And with your Musick Hell it self suspend:  
Tax *Proserpine* of Cruelty and Hate,  
And sing of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.

C. When *Damon* sung, he sung with such a Grace,  
Lord, how the very *London* brutes did gaze!  
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;  
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.

A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,  
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be shown;  
He would have charm'd their Sence a nobler way,  
Taught Virgins how to sigh, and Priests to pray.

C. Let Priests and Virgins then to him address,  
And in their Songs their Gratitude expresse,  
While we that know the worth of easie Verse,  
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herse. (wear,

A. *Codrus*, you know, that sacred Badge does  
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;  
But since no Merit can strike Envy Dumb,  
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.

C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected  
Majestick, sad, and suited to the Time, (Rhime,  
His Name to future Ages consecrate,  
By praising of his Muse, and mourning of his Fate.

A. Alas, I never must pretend to this,  
My Pipe scarce knows a Tune but what is his:  
Let future Ages then for *Damon's* sake,  
From his own Works a just *Idea* take.

Yet

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be shown,  
And from his meanest part his Size be known.

C. 'Twill be your Duty then to set it down.

A. Once and but once (so Heaven and Fate ordain;  
I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,  
Kindly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,  
And though I know you not you must be he;  
Too long already we have Strangers been,  
This Day, at least, our Friendship must begin.  
Let Business, that perverse Intruder, wait,  
To be above it is poetical and great.  
Then with *Assyrian* Nard our Heads did shine,  
While rich *Sabæan* Spice exalts the Wine;  
Which to a just Degree our Spirits fir'd;  
But he was by a greater God inspir'd:  
Wit was the Theme, which he did well describe,  
With Modesty unusual to his Tribe.  
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,  
When Lovers after first Enjoyment part,  
Not half content; for this was but a Taste,  
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew so fast,  
They vow a Friendship that shall ever last.  
So we — but oh how much am I accus'd!  
To think that this last Office is my first.

B

Occasioned

*Occasioned by the present Edition of the  
ensuing Poems, and the Death of the  
ingenious Author.*

C<sup>U</sup>rs'd be the day when first this Godly Isle  
Vile Books, and useles thinking did defile.  
In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waste,  
When all is Pain and Weariness at best:  
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,  
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:  
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,  
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.  
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,  
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.  
Avoid the nasty *learned* dust, 'twill breed  
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghils did.  
The want of Dulness will the VWorld undo,  
This learning makes us mad and Rebels too.  
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,  
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away;  
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,  
And nought but Blindness and a Dorage gives.  
VVorse than the Pox, or scolding VWoman fly  
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.  
That *Bedlam* Bess, *Religion* never more  
Phantastick, pie-ball'd, antick Dresses wore:  
Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame;  
'Tis Folly, christen'd with a modish Name.

Let



Let dull Divinity no more delight ;  
It spoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*;  
The chief Professors to Preferment fly,  
By Cringe and Scrape, the basest *Simony*.  
The humble Clown will best the Gospel teach,  
And *inspir'd Ign'rance* sounder Doctrines preach.  
A way to Heaven mere Nature well does shew,  
VVhich reasoning and Disputes can never know.  
Yet still proud Tyrant *Sense* in Pomp appears,  
And claims a Tribute of full threescore Years.  
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darknes circ'l'd round,  
Each man must be with *Snakes* and *Monkies* drown'd:  
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,  
To waste that Life whose longest Date's too short.  
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain  
VVhat Death unravels soon, and renders vain,  
VVe blindly hurry on in Mystick ways,  
Nor wisely tread the Paths of solid Praise.  
There's nought deserves one precious drop of }  
But Poetry, the noblest Gift of Fate, (sweat, }  
Which after Death does a more lasting Life beget. }  
Not that which sudden, frantick Heats produce  
VVhere VVine and Pride, nor Heaven, shall raise the  
Muse.

Not that small Stock which does Translators make;  
That Trade poor Bankrupt Poetafters take:  
But such, when God his *Fiat* did exprefs,  
And powerful Numbers wrought an Universe.  
VVith such great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,  
That even *Saul* and *Madnefs* could admire.  
VVith such great *Oldham* bravely did excel,  
That *David's* Lamentation sung so well.

*Oldham*! the Man that could with Judgment write,  
 Our *Oxford's* Glory, and the World's Delight.  
 Sometimes in boundless keenest Satyr bold,  
 Sometimes as soft as those Love-*tales* he told.  
 That Vice could praise, and Virtue too disgrace;  
 The first *Excess* of Wit that e'er did please.  
 Scarce *Cowley* such Pindarique soaring knew,  
 Yet by his Reader still was kept in view.  
 His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle, liv'd above.  
 And bearing Thunder still would upward move.  
 Oh noble *Kingston*! had thy lovely Guest  
 With a large stock of Youth and Life been blest;  
 Not all thy Greatness, or thy Vertues store  
 Had surer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.  
 But Oh! the date is short of mighty Worth,  
 And Angels never tarry long on Earth.  
 His soul, the bright, the pure *Etherial* Flame  
 To those lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.  
 And spight of what Mankind had long believ'd,  
 My Creed says only Poets can be fav'd.  
 That God has only for a number staid,  
 To stop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.  
 For none their absence can so well supply;  
 They are all o'er Seraphick Harmony.  
 Then, and not that till then the World shall burn,  
 And its base Dross, Mankind, their fortune mourn }  
 While all to their old nothing quick return, }  
 The peevish Critick then shall be asham'd,  
 And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

*Oxon, May the 26th. 1684.*

*T. Wood*



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*On the Death of Mr. Oldham,*

A P A S T O R A L.

**O**N the Remains of an old Blasted Oak  
Unmindful of himself *Menalcas* lean'd;  
He sought not now in heat the shades of Trees,  
But shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank.  
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass:  
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,  
Left to themselves they wandred out at large.  
In this lamenting state Young *Corydon*  
(His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hour)  
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

*Corydon.*

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove:  
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,  
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.  
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,  
By Lightning blasted and by Thunder rent?  
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind  
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?  
But I would comfort and not chide my Friend:  
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

*Menalcas.*

Young *Astrophel* is dead, Dear *Astrophel*,  
He that could Tune so well his charming Pipe:  
To hear whose Lays Nymphs left their Crystal  
Spring,

The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forsook the VVoods,  
And hearing, all were ravish'd: Swiftest Streams  
With-held their Course to hear the Heavenly Sound,  
And murmur'd, when by following VVaves prest on,  
The following VVaves forcing their VVay to hear.  
Oft the Fierce Wolf pursuing of the Lamb,  
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,  
Left the Pursuit rather than lose the Sound.  
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmless Lamb  
Forgot his Nature and forsook his Fear,  
Stood by the VVolf and listned to the Sound.  
He could command a general Peace and Nature  
would obey.

This Youth, this Youth is dead, the same Disease  
That carried sweet *Orinda* from the VVorld,  
Seiz'd upon *Astrophel*: Oh Let these Tears  
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,  
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

*Corydon.*

VVeep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires  
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loss,  
And General the Grief, except by Fame  
I knew him not, but surely this is he,

VVho

Who Sung learn'd \**Collin's*, or great \**Ægon's* \**Spencer*  
Praise? and  
*Johnson.*

Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from  
him.

Did he not mourn lamented \**Bion's* Death; \**Rochester*;  
In Verse equal to what great *Bion* wrote:

*Menalcas.*

Yes this was he ( oh that I say he was )  
He that could sing the Shepherds deeds so well.  
Whether to praise the Good he turn'd his Pen,  
Or last at the egregious Folly of the Bad,  
In both he did excel. ———

His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,  
And dictated more fast than he could write,  
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd  
His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own;  
Yet Art he us'd, where Art could useful be,  
But sweated not to be correctly dull.

*Corydon.*

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,  
Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught  
Of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrought!

*Menalcas.*

¶ We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,  
I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend ;  
But for himself he dyed in the best Hour,

And carry'd with him ev'ry mans Applause,  
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,  
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.  
Had he known Age, he would have seen the World,  
Put on its ugliest but its truest Face:  
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen;  
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks pass  
Had thrown their scornful Jest upon his Vene,  
And censur'd what they did not understand.  
Such was not my Dear *Astrophel*: he's dead,  
And I shall quickly follow him, what's Death;  
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream;  
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt  
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion.

*Corydon.*

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,  
They mourn the Death of *Astrophel* in Tears.  
Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round thee gaze  
And wonder at thy mourning: Drive them Home,  
And tempt thy troubled mind with easing Sleep  
To Morow chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

To

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To the MEMORY of

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be  
Too busie with Immutable Decree,  
I could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,  
That lent so much, to be requir'd so soon:  
The Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are drest so gay }  
Altho' they are short liv'd they live a Day; }  
Thou, in the Noon of Life wert snatch'd away: }  
Though not before thy Verse had Wonders shown  
And bravely made the Age to come thine own!  
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,  
Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine;  
They quickly perish; yours was still the same,  
An Everlasting, but a Lambent Flame;  
Which something so resistless did impart,  
It still through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart:  
Unlike the Wretch that strives to get Esteem, }  
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaspheme, }  
And can be witty on no other Theme: }  
Ah Foolish men, (whom thou didst still despise)  
That must be wicked to be counted wise!  
But thy Converse was from this Errour free;  
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be:  
None had it, but ev'n with a Tear, does own,  
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But



But while we thus thy Native Sweetness sing,  
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting :  
Thy Satyr spar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes ;  
Satyr ! the best Reformer of the Times !  
How wide shoot they, that strive to blast thy Fame,  
By saying, that thy Verse was rough and lame ;  
They would have Satyr their Compassion move,  
And writ so plyant, nicely, and so smooth,  
As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love :  
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would  
Must Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring ; (sing,  
For 'tis no Satyr if it has no Sting :  
In short, who in that Field would Famous be,  
Must think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.  
Let others boast of all the Mighty Nine,  
To make their Labours with more Lustre shine ;  
I never had no other Muse but Thee ;  
Ev'n thou wert all the Mighty Nine to me :  
'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire,  
And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire ;  
But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire :  
For when the Sun is set that guides the Day,  
The Traveller must stop, or lose his Way.

*Robert Gould.*



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COUN.

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C O U N T E R P A R T  
T O T H E  
*S A T Y R* against *V E R T U E*.

In Person of the Author.

I.

**P**ardon me, Vertue, whatsoe'er thou art  
( For sure thou of the God-head art a part,  
And all that is of him must be  
The very Deity )

Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaspheme,

Or injure thy pure Sacred Name :

Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,  
The best Atonement of my penitent humble Muse,  
The best that Heaven requires, or mankind can produce.

All my Attempts hereafter shall at thy Devotion be.  
Ready to consecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee,  
Forgive me, ye blest Souls that dwell above,  
Where

*Counterpart to*

Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove,

Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Passion now

And you unhappy happy few, (but Love.

Who strive with Life, and Humane Miseries below,

Forgive me too,

If I in ought disparag'd them, or else discourag'd you.

## II.

Blest Vertue! whose Almighty Power

Does to our fallen Race restore

All that in Paradise we lost, and more:

Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be

The Heirs and Image of the Deity.

Soft gentle Yoke! which none but resty Fools refuse,

Which before freedom I would ever chuse.

Easie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;

Easie as those of Lovers are,

(If I with ought less pure may thee compare)

Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty.

By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;

## *The Satyr against Virtue.*

3

So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does  
(bind.  
Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we  
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here; (steer  
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,  
And dangerous Rocks of Black Despair.  
Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,  
Secure from all the Threatning Storms that blow,  
From all Attacks of Chance below,  
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

### III.

Best Mistrefs of our Souls! whose Charms and Beau-  
And are by very Age increast, (ties last,  
By which all other Glories are defac'd.  
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far  
Than All the Race of Woman-kind e're brought,  
Tho' each of them like the first Wife were fraught,  
And half the Universe did for her Portion share.  
That tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we  
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Desie,  
Are



Are all but glorious Brutes when unendow'd with

'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse. (thee.

In whose Enjoyments tho' we find

A flitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind

A Pain and Torture in the Mind,

And claps the wounded Conscience with incurable  
Remorse,

Or else betrays us to the great Trepan of Humane (kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice the greater Thralldom, harder Drudgery,

Whereby deposing Reason from its gentle Sway,

(That rightful Sovereign which we should obey)

We undergo a various Tyranny,

And to un-number'd servile Passions Homage pay,

These with *Aegyptian* Rigor us enslave,

And govern with unlimited command ;

They make us endless Toil pursue,

And still their doubled Tasks renew,

To push on our too hasty Fate, and build our Grave,

Or which is worse, to keep us from the Promis'd Land.

*The Satyr against Virtue.* 5

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,  
We struggle with our heavy Yoak in vain:

In vain we strive break that Chain,

Unless a Miracle relieve;

Unless the Almighty Wand enlargement give;

We never must expect Delivery,

Till Death the universal Writ of Ease, does set us free.

V.

Some sordid Avarice in Vassallage confines,

Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines,  
These are in its harsh *Bridewel* lash'd and punished;

And with hard Labour scarce can earn their bread.

Others Ambition that Imperious Dame,

Exposes cruelly, like Gladiators, here

Upon the World's Great Theatre.

Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,

To purchase grinning Honour and an empty Name;

And some by Tyrant Lust are Captiv'd,

And with false Hopes of Pleasure fed;

Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Desires,  
 Life's o'er charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff ex-  
 (pires

## VI.

Consider we the little Arts of Vice,  
 The Stratagems and Artifice  
 Whereby she does attract her Votaries:  
 All those Allurements and those Charms,  
 Which pimp Transgressors to her Arms,  
 Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Disguise,  
 To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,  
 And for false empty Joys betray us to true solid  
 (Harms.  
 In vain she would her Dowry boast,  
 Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain.  
 But with unvaluable Cost;  
 Which got we never can retain:  
 But must the greatest part be lost,  
 To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.  
 'Tis vastly overballanc'd by the Joynture which we  
 make,  
 In which our lives our souls, our All is set at stake.  
 Like

## *The Satyr against Virtue.* 7

Like silly *Indians*, foolish we  
VVith a known Cheat, a losing Traffick hold,  
VVhilst led by an ill-judging Eye,  
VV' admire a trifling Pageantry,  
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,  
For worthless Glass and Beads, or an *Exchange's*  
Frippery.

If we a while maintain th' expensive Trade,  
Such mighty Impost on the Cargo's laid,  
Such a vast Custom to be paid, (out,  
We're forc'd at last like wretched Bankrupts to give  
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance shut:

### VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive?

VVhat art thou but an empty Shade  
By the Reflection of our Actions made?  
Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;  
But like a Ghost, walk'st only after we are dead.

Posthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!

Which only ours can be,

When we our selves no more are we!

Fickle as vain! who dust on vulgar Breath depend,

Which we by dear experience find

More changeable, more veering then the uncon-  
stant Wind.

What art thou, Gold, that clear'st the Miser's eyes?

Which he does so devoutly idolize;

For whom he all his Rest and Ease does sacrifice.

'Tis Use alone can all thy value give,

And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.

Curst Mineral! near Neigh'bring Hell begot,

Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbour-  
hood hast brought.

Thou Baud to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,

And every greater Name of Villany:

From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree.

Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes  
doest store,

And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cause of more.

And



*The Satyr against Virtue.* 9

And what is Pleasure which does most beguile?  
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering  
Smile.

We listen to the treacherous Harmony,  
Which sings but our own Obsequy.

The danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;  
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'scape the fatal  
Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!  
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?  
Who places all his chiefest Happiness  
In the Extravagancies of Excess,  
Which wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease;  
O mighty envied Happiness to eat!  
Which fond mistaken Sots call Great!  
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day  
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous decay!  
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are  
To make and keep up Man! (fain

Which, when the Paradise above we gain,  
 Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!  
 By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;  
 At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,  
 Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;  
 When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we  
 Fantasie a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;  
 And think we tast, and think we see,  
 And riot on imaginary Luxury.

## IX.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more solid lasting Joy;  
 Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,  
 Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,  
 Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy.  
 One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment is  
 Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,  
 Which we derive from Sense,  
 Which often cloy, and must resign to Impotence.  
 Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy  
 State?

Above

*The Satyr against Virtue.* I I

Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate;

Above her Favours and her Hate,

I'll scorn the worthless Treasures of *Peru*,

And those of t' other *Indies* too.

(Fame,

I'll pity *Cæsar's* self with all his Trophies and his

And the vile brutish Herd of Epicures contemn,

And all the Under-shrievalties of Life not worth a

Nor will I only owe my Bliss,

(Name.

Like others, to a Multitude,

Where Company keeps up a forced Happiness;

Should all Mankind surcease to live,

And none but individual I survive,

Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.

Thus shall my Life in pleasant Minutes wear,

Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,

And gentle as the motions of the upper Air;

Soft as my Muse, and unconfined as she,

When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty.

And when I see pale ghastly Death appear,

That grand inevitable Test which all must bear.

Which best distinguishes the blest and wretched  
here;

(stiny,  
I'll smile at all its Horrors, court my welcome De-

And yield my willing Soul up in an easie Sigh;

And Epicures that see shall envy and confess,

That I, and those who dare like me be good, the  
chiefest Good possess.

---

*Virg.*

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## Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

### *The Enchantment.*

Poet, *Damon*, *Alpheus*, Speakers.

**D** *Amon* and *Alpheus*, the two Shepherds Strains  
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the  
Plains.

I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,  
Unmindful of their Grass, in Throngs admir'd,  
At which fierce Savages astonish'd stood,  
And every River stopt its list'ning Flood.

For you, Great Sir, whether with Cannons Roar  
You spread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore.  
Or with a gentle and a steady hand  
In Peace and Plenty rule our Native Land.  
Shall ever that auspicious Day appear,  
When I your glorious Actions shall declare?

It



It shall, and I throughout the World rehearse  
 Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer's* Verse.  
 With you my Muse began, with you shall end :  
 Accept my Verse that waits on your Command :  
 And deign this Ivy VVreath a place may find  
 Among the Laurels which your Temples bind.

(drew,

'Twas at the time that Night's cool shades with-  
 And left the Grass all hung with Pearly Dew ;  
 VVhen *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken VVand,  
 Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Arise, thou Morning, and drive on the Day,  
 VVhile wretched I with fruitless words inveigh  
 Against false *Nisa*, while the Gods I call  
 VVith my last Breath, tho' hopeless to avail,  
 Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains  
 What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains,  
 Menalus* ever has its warbling Groves,  
 And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty Pan,  
The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd re-  
*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains* (main.

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Mopsus weds Nisa, Gods! What Lover e'er  
Need after this have reason to despair?

Griffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age  
The Deer and Hounds in Friendship shall engage.

Go, Mopsus, get the Torches ready soon;

Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.

Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut scramble make,  
The Evening-star quits Oeta for thy sake.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

How fitly art thou match'd who wast so nice!

Thou haughty Nymph who did'st all else despise!

Why slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,

My rough grown Eye brows, and unshaven Beard,

And think'st no God does mortal things regard.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.* I

I saw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,  
 To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,  
 'Twas in our Hedg-rows, I was there with Pride,  
 To shew you to the best, and be your Guide.  
 Then I just entring my twelfth Year was found,  
 I then could reach the tender Boughs from ground.  
 Heaven's! when I saw, how soon was I undone!  
 How to my heart did the quick Poyson run !

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North* }  
 Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth, }  
 Or *Africk's* wildest Desarts gave him Birth, }  
 Among the Canibals and Savage Race;  
 He never of our Kind, or Country was.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains*

*What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue  
 In Children's Blood ; a cruel Mother, thou ;  
 Hard 'tis to say of both which is the worst,  
 The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurst.

He

He a curst Boy, a cruel Mother thou ;  
The Devil a whit to chuse between the two.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains  
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now  
On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow :  
Let the coarse *Alders* bear the *Daffadil*,  
And costly Amber from the Thorn distil :  
Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyt'rus Orpheus* be,  
In the *VVoods Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.

*Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains  
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Let all the *VVorld* turn Sea, the *VVoods* adieu!  
To some high Mountains top I'll get me now,  
And thence my self into the *VVaters* throw.

There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She  
Accept this my last dying *VVill* and Legacy.

*Cease now my Pipe, cease now those warbling Strains  
Which I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

This *Damon's* Song ; relate ye *Muses* now

*Alpheus* Reply: All cannot all things do.

A. Bring Holy Water, sprinkle all around :

And see these Altars with soft Fillets bound :

Male-Frankincense, and juicy Vervain burn,

I'll try if I by Magick force can turn

My stubborn Love : I'll try if I can fire

(here  
His frozen Breast: Nothing but Charms are wanting

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms ;*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Charms wonted in her Course can stop the Moon,

And from her well fix'd Orb can call her down.

By Charms the mighty *Circe* ( we are told )

*Ulysses* fam'd Companions chang'd of old.

Snakes, by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,

Oft in the Meads with their own Poison burst.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms ;*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

First,



First, these three several Threads I compass round  
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound :  
Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bear ;  
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Go tie me in three knots three Ribands now,  
And let the Ribands be of different Hue :

Go, *Amaryllis*, tie them strait, and cry,

At the same time, They're true love knots, I tye.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how  
With the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow ;  
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so.

Strow Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)

And set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire :

This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on flame,

And I this Laurel burnt in *Daphnis* Name.

*Bring*

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chase,  
Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place.  
Thro' Woods thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Wast,  
On some green River's bank lies down at last:  
There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlorn,  
And tho' belated, minds not to return:  
Let Daphnis's Case be such, and let not me  
Take any Care to give a Remedy.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

These Garments erst the faithless Traitor left,  
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm rest:  
Beneath the Threshold these I bury now,  
In thee, O Earth; these Pledges Daphnis owe.

*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms*

*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Of *Meris* I these Herbs and Poysons had,  
 From *Pontus* brought : in *Pontus* store are bred :  
 With these I have oft seen *Meris* Wonders do,  
 Turn himself Wolf, and to the Forest go :  
 I've often seen him Fields of Corn displace, (raise  
 From whence they grew, and Ghosts in Church-yards  
*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*  
*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Ashes out at door, (pour,  
 And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current }  
 Over thy Head, and don't look back be sure : }  
 I'll try, what these on *Daphnis* will prevail,  
 The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.  
*Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*  
*Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.*

Behold! the Ashes while we lingring stay,  
 While we neglect to carry them away,  
 Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood,  
 That lies upon't : Heav'n send it be for good !

Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!

I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.

Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,

Which Lovers Fancies are too apt to frame?

*Cease now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!*

*Cease needless Charms, my Daphnis is at home!*

---

U P O N

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UPON THE  
**MARRIAGE**  
 OF THE  
 Prince of *ORANGE*  
 WITH THE  
 Lady *MARY*.

---

## I.

**A**S when of Old some bright and Heav'nly  
 A God of equal Majesty did Wed; (Dame  
 Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings spread,  
 Strait at the News th' immortal Offspring came,

D 2

And



36      *Upon the Marriage of*

And all the Deities did the High Nuptials grace

With no less Pomp, no less of Grandure we

Behold this glad Solemnity,

And all confess an equal Joy,

And all expect as God-like and as great a Race:

Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,  
Which rise in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence  
they came;

Glad some next those which brought our Royal Exile  
home,

When he resum'd his long usurped Throne:

Hark how the mighty Volleys rend the Air,

And shake at once the Earth and utmost Sphere;

Hark how the Bells harmonious Noise

Bear Consort too with humane Joys;

Behold those num'rous Fires, which up and down  
Threaten almost new Conflagration to the Town.  
Well do these Emblems, mighty *Orange*, speak thy  
Fame,

Whose Loudness, Musick, Brightness, all express the  
same;

'Twas

*the Prince of Orange, &c.* 37

'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,  
In Thunder and in Lightning so approach'd her bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair ! kind Heav'ns great Hostages !  
Sure Pledges of a firm and lasting Peace !

Call't not a Match, we that low Stile disdain,  
Nor will degrade it with a Term so mean ;

A League it must be said,

Where Countries thus Espouse, and Nations Wed:

Our Thanks, propitious Destiny !

Never did yet thy Pow'r dispence,

A more Plenipotentiary Influence,

Nor Heav'n more sure a Treaty ratifie :

To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch, too

An equal share of Thanks is due,

Nought could this mighty Work produce, but  
Heav'n and You.

Let others Boast

Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter cost ;

38 *Upon the Marriage of*

This Union by no Blood Cemented is,  
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise.  
Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,  
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,  
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,  
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:  
By you to Foreign Countries we're Ally'd,  
You make Us Continent whom Seas and Waves di-  
(vide,

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Con-  
duct prove

What was denied to mighty *Jove*,

Together to be Wise and Love?

(shew,  
In this you highest Skill of Choice and Judgment

'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too;

Others move only by unbridled guideless Hear,

But you mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:

You scorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts  
should tye,

(lye.  
Which oft (and here they must) the Original be-

(For

*the Prince of Orange, &c.* 39

(For how should Art that Beauty undertake,  
Which Heav'n would strive in vain again to  
make?

Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,  
And worshipp'd not the Image, but the Deity :

Go, envied Prince, your glorious **B R I D E**  
receive,

Too great for ought but mighty **T O R K** to  
give :

She, whom if none must Wed, but those who merit  
Her,

Monarchs might cease Pretence, and flighted Gods  
despair :

Think You in Her far greater Conquests gain,  
Than all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your  
Country ta'en.

In Her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,  
And fancy there a Universal Monarchy!

IV.

And you, fair Princess, who could thus subdue,  
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,

40      *Upon the Marriage of*

Enjoy your glorious Prize,

Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes :

From him, and th' Height of your great Mind look

And with neglect despise a Throne, (down,

And think't as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown :

*Nassau* in all which your Desires or Thoughts can  
frame,

All Titles lodge within that single Name; (bear,

A Name which *Mars* himself would with Ambition

Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War,

To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increase,

If Heaven has not already set your Happiness

Above its Pow'r to raise )

To You the Zealous humble Muse

These solemn Wishes Consecrates and Vows

And begs you'll not her Offering refuse,

Which not your Want, but her Devotion shews,

V.

May your great Consort still successful prove,

In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;

May



*the Prince of Orange, &c.* 41

May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear  
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear;  
May neither Sense of Grief, or Trouble know,  
But what in Pity you to others show;  
May you be fruitful in as numerous Store  
Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father  
May Heav'n to your just Merits kind (bore:  
Repeal the ancient Burse on Womankiud:  
Easie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain  
May yours all prove, and just so free from Pain:  
May no rude Noise of War approach your Bed,  
But Peace her downy Wings about you spread,  
Calm as the Season, when fair Halcyons breed.  
May you, and the just owner of your Breast,  
Both in as full Content and Happiness be'blest,  
As the first sinless Pair of old enjoy'd:  
Ere Guilt their Innocence and that destroy'd:  
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliss can  
add,  
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made:  
Till

42 *Upon the Marriage, &c.*

Till future Poets who your Lives review,  
When they'd their utmost Pitch of Flattery shew,  
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you;  
Nor know to frame a skilful Wish more great,  
Nor think a higher Blessing in the Gift of Fate,

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A N

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AN  
ODE.

*For an Anniversary of MUSICK  
on S. Cecilia's Day.*

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I.

**B**Egin the Song, your Instruments advance,  
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,  
Touch the silent sleeping Lute,  
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.  
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language glide,  
Bring softest Words that into Numbers slide:  
Let every Hand and every Tongue  
To make the Noble Consort throng.  
Let all in one Harmonious Note agree  
To frame the mighty Song,  
For this is Musicks sacred Jubile.

II.

44 *An Ode on S. Cecilia's Day.*

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings resound,  
And break the yielding Air,  
The ravish'd Sense how pleasingly they wound,  
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear ;  
Each Pulse beats time, and every Heart,  
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.  
By Harmonies entrancing Power,  
When we are thus wound up to Extasie ;  
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower,  
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,  
But for the Charms that Musick lends !  
How faint its Pleasures would appear,  
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends !  
Without the Sweets of Melody,  
To tune our vital Breath ,  
Who would not give it up to Death,  
And in the silent Grave contented lye ?

IV.

IV.

Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,  
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;  
The greatest Spell that charms our Care to rest,  
And calms the ruffled Passions of the Mind.

Musick does all our Joy refine,  
It gives the relish to our Wine,

'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,  
And Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine;  
'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heaven  
(above.

*Chorus*

Come then with tuneful Throat and String  
The Praises of our Art let's sing;

Let's sing to Blest *C E C I L I A*'s Fame,  
That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day it's Name;  
With Musick, Wine and Mirth conspire  
To bear a Consort, and make up the Choir.

T O



T O  
MADAM L. E.

*Upon her Recovery from a late  
Sickness.*

*Madam,*  
**P**ardon, that with slow Gladnets we so late  
Your wish't return of Health congratulate:  
Our Joys at first so throng'd to get abroad,  
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;  
And now such hast to tell their Message make,  
They only stammer what they meant to speak.

You the fair Subject which I am to sing,  
To whose kind Hands this humble joy I bring:  
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme pursue,  
For I invoke no other Muse but you.

Long

Long time had you here brightly shone below  
With all the Rays kind Heaven could bestow.  
No envious Cloud e'er offer'd to invade  
Your Lustre, or compel you to a Shade :  
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,  
But that you throughout Immortal were.  
Till Heaven ( if Heaven could prove so cruel ) sent  
To interrupt the Growth of your content,  
As if it grudg'd those Gifts you did enjoy,  
And would that Bounty which it gave, destroy :  
'Twas since your Excellence did envy move  
In those high powers and made them jealous prove.  
They thought these Glories should they still have  
( shin'd  
Unfullied, were too much for Woman-kind.  
Which might they write as lasting as they're Fair,  
Too great for ought but Deities appear :  
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,  
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And

And when it could not fairly woo you hence,  
Turn'd Ravisher, and offer'd Violence.

Sickness did first a formed siege begin,  
And by sure slowness try'd your Life to win.  
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant  
To chase you hence and tire you to consent.  
But, thus in vain, Fate did to force resort,  
And next by Storm strove to attack the Fort:  
A Sleep, dull as your last, did you Arrest,  
And all their *Magazines* of life possest:  
No more the Blood its circling course did run,  
But in the Veins, like Ificles, it hung:  
No more the Heart ( now void of quick'ning  
(heat) )  
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.  
Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,  
And a short Death crept cold through every Limb.  
All Signs of Life from sight so far withdrew,  
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There

There might you ( were not that sense lost ) have  
seen

How your true Death would have resented been :

A Lethargy like yours, each Breast did seize,

And all by Sympathy catcht your Disease.

Around your silent Imagery appears,

And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears :

They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,

And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.

Meane while, all means, all Drugs prescribed are,

Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair ,

Medicines so powerful they new Souls would save,

And Life in long dead Carcasses retrieve :

But these in vain, they rougher Methods try,

And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die ;

Sad Scene of Fate ! when Tortures were your gain :

And 'twas a kindness thought with you pain !

As if the slack'ned string of Life run down,

Could only by the Rack be screw'd in tune.

But Heav'n at last (grown conscious that its Pow'r  
Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)  
And loth to see such Glories overcome,  
Sent a Post- Angel to repeal your doom ;  
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,  
And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent:  
Triumphant Charms ! what may not you subdue,  
VWhen Fate's your Slave, and thus, submits to you!  
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,  
And for another Clew her Spindle fit:  
And flie's hid Spark which did unquencht remain,  
Caught the fled Light and brought it back again:  
Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you  
Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too;  
Some only griev'd, that what wade as thless thought  
They saw so near to Fatal ruin brought :  
Now crowds of Blessings on that happy hand,  
Whose skill could eager Destiny withstand ;  
Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave  
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to save ;

That



That Life which were it thus untimely lost,  
Had been the fairest Spoil Death e'er could boast :  
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,  
By whom such good to you and us was brought :  
Altars and Shrines to him are justly due,  
Who shew'd himself a God by raising you.

But say, fair Saint, for you alone can know,  
Whither your Soul in this short fling did go;  
Went it to antedate that Happiness,  
You must at last (tho late we hope) possess?  
Inform us lest we should your Fate belye,  
And call that Death which was but Extasie.  
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us see,  
That Goddesses from Wounds could not be free;  
And you by this unwish'd Occasion show  
That they like Mortals can Sickness know :  
Pity ! that Heav'n should all its Titles give,  
And yet not let you with them ever live.  
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,  
If you could like it too Immortal be.

And so you are ; half boasts a Deathless State ;  
 Although your frailer Part must yield to Fate.

By every breach in that fair lodging made,  
 Its blest Inhabitant is more display'd :

In that white Snow which over-spreads your Skin,  
 We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within ;  
 Which while you through this shining Hue display  
 Look like a Star plac'd in the milky way :

Such the bright Bodies of the Blessed are,  
 When they for Rayment cloath'd with Light appare',

And should you visit now the Seat of Bliss,  
 You need not weare an other form but this.

Never did Sicknes in such Pomp appear,

As when it thus your Livery did wear,

Disease it self look'd amiable here.

So Clouds which would obscure the Sun oft gilded  
 ( be,  
 And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.

Grieve not, fair Nymph, when in your Glass you  
 ( trace  
 The marring Footsteps of a pale Disease.

*Regret*

Regret not that your Cheeks their Roses want,  
Which a few Days shall in full store replant,  
Which, whilst your Blood withdraws its guilty (Red,  
Tells that you own no Faults that Blushes need :  
The Sun whose Bounty does each Spring restore  
VWhat Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,  
Which every Morning with an early Ray  
Paints the young blushing Cheeks of instant Day:  
Whose skill ( inimitable here below, )  
Limns those gay Clouds which from Heav'ns co-  
lour'd Bow,  
That Sun shall soon with Interest repay,  
All the lost Beauty Sicknefs snatch'd away.  
Your Beams like his shall hourly now advance,  
And every Minute their swift Growth enhance.  
Mean while ( that you no helps of Healths refuse )  
Accept these humble Wishes of the Muse :  
VWhich shall not of their just Petition fail,  
If she ( and she's a Goddess ) ought prevail.

54 *To Madam L. E. &c.*

May no prophane Disease henceforth approach,  
 This sacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,  
 Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.  
 May these fair Members always happy be  
 In as full Strength and well-set Harmony,  
 As the new Foundress of your Sex could boast,  
 Ere she by Sin her first Perfection lost :  
 May Destiny, just to your Merits, twine  
 All your smooth Fortunes in a Silken Line,  
 And that you may at Heaven late arrive,  
 May it to you its largest Bottom give.  
 May Heaven with still repeated Favours bless,  
 Till it its Pow'r below its Will confess;  
 Till Wishes can no more exalt your Fate,  
 Nor Poets fantasie you more fortunate.

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ON THE  
**D E A T H**  
 O F

*M<sup>rs</sup> Katharine Kingscourt,*

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety,

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**S** H E did, She did— I saw her mount the Skie,  
 And with new Whiteness paint the Galaxy.  
 Heav'n here methought with all its Eyes did view,  
 And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.  
 Methought I saw in Crowds blest Spirits meet,  
 And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet ;  
 Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away  
 To see a Soul more white, more pure than they.



Earth was unworthy such a Prize as this,  
Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss :  
In vain her stay with fruitless Tears we'd woo,  
In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.  
Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did so long dispense,  
(Since you so wish'd her) with her absence thence :  
We now resign, to you alone we grant  
The sweet Monopoly of such a Saint ;  
So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,  
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low :  
Such a Seraphick Brightness in her shin'd,  
I hardly can believe her Woman kind.  
'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,  
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,  
And can't be said to die, but disappear.  
Or if she Mortal was and meant to show  
The greater skill by being made below ;  
Sure Heav'n preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,  
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first :

Never

Never did yet so much Divinity  
In such a small Compendium crouded lie.  
By her we credit what the Learned tell,  
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.  
More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* rest,  
Than lodg'd of Blessed Spirits in her Breast ;  
Religion dawn'd so early in her mind,  
You'd think her Saint, whilst in the Womb enshrin'd,  
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,  
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.  
Scarce had she learnt to lisp Religion's Name,  
E'er she by her Example preach'd the same,  
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim. }  
No Action did within her Practice fall  
Which for th'Atonement of a Blush could call :  
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,  
But what a dying Saint confest might hear.  
Her Thoughts had scarcely ever sully'd been  
By the least Foot-steps of Original Sin.

Her

58      *On the Death of, &c.*

Her Life did still as much Devotion breath

As others do at their last gasp in Death.

Hence on her Tomb of her let not be said,

So long she liv'd ; but thus, so long she pray'd.

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## SUNDAY-THOUGHT

*in Sicknefs.*

**L**Ord, how dreadful is the Prospect of Death at the remotest Distance! How the smallest Apprehension of it can pall the most gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in sight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the least Envoy of the King of Terrors. To see but the shaking of my Glas makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Distemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Conversation is turn'd on a sudden into shagrin and melancholy, black as Despair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body seem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed these Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams,

Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Disease, which disorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimera's. Why should my Soul be averse to its Enlargement? Why should it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purlieu? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and present Friends: I'm parted from the first already, and could be sever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far distant from them as my Soul must when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleasures of the World; some of them I have tried, and found empty, the others cover not, because unknown. I'm confident I could despise 'em all by a Greatness of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Establish'd a Reputation, and something to make me survive my self. I could have been content to be Still-born, and have no more than the Register, or Sexton to tell that I've never been in the Land  
of



of the Living. In Fine, tis not from a Principle of Cowardise, which the Schools have called Self-preservation, the poor Effect of Instinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingness therefore, and Aversion to undergo the general Fate, must have a juster Original, and flow from a more important Cause. I'm well satisfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Flesh and Blood, has a Life beyond it and the Grave; and something in it Prompts me to believe its Immortality. A Residence it must have somewhere else, when it has left this Carcase, and an other State to pass into, unchangeable and everlasting as it self after its Separation. This Condition must be good or bad according to its Actions and Deserts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to some Infinite Power that created it, I well suppose it his Vassal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or punish'd hereafter. This Diversity of Rewards and Punishments  
make

makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, so often mention'd in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits. Of the latter my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Conscience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my single Breast. I dare not any longer with the Atheist disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergies Bugbears, invented as Nurses do frightful Names for their Children to scare 'em into Quietness and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and fear'd insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, prov'd only my Curse, and a treacherous Ambush to those Storms, which at present ( and will for ever I dread ) shipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Bosom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noise of a tumultuous Debauch, or by stupefying Wine ( like some condemn'd Malefactor )

ctor) arm'd my self against the Apprehensions of my certain Doom; Now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At last, but too late (like drowning Mariners) I see the gay Monsters, which inveigled me into my Death and Destruction. Oh the gnawing Remorse of a rash unguarded, unconsidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghosts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me suffer a thousand Racks and Martyrdoms! I see, methinks, the Jaws of Destruction gaping wide to swallow me; and I (like one sliding on Ice) tho I see the Danger, cannot stop from running into it. My Fancy represents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, numberless as my Sins or Fears; and whither Alas! whither shall I fly for Refuge? Where shall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Centre, and take me in? Poor Shift of escaping Almighty Justice! Distracting Frenzy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the reach

reach of him whose Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self ; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power infinite, as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it ? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense only to feel Pain. I must be dying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that nature had placed me in the Rank of things that have only a bare Existence, or at best, an Animal Life, and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables ! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Prison till now, or I steeped out of it into my Grave, and saved the Expences and Toil of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as soon as the World ; Happy if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regenerate

rate, and give me New Life, had prov'd  
Mortal in another Sense! I had then died  
without any Guilt of my own, but what I  
brought into the World with me, and that too  
atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted  
from my first Parents, my unhappiness rather  
than Fault, inasmuch as I was fain to be born  
of a Sinning Race: Then I had never en-  
hans'd it with acquired Guilt, never added  
those innumerable Crimes which must make  
up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Un-  
grateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as nu-  
merous as those Blessings and Mercies the Al-  
mighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to  
oblige and lead me to Repentance. How  
have I abused and misemployed those Parts  
and Talents which might have render'd me  
serviceable to mankind, and repaid an In-  
terest of Glory to their Donor? How ill do  
they turn to account which I have made the  
Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Pan-  
ders to Vice? How oft have I broke my  
Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be  
conscientious of keeping to a silly Woman,



a Creature beneath my self; What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an useful Hypocrisie taken up for Interest, or a gay specious Formality worn in Complaisance to Custom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Fashion. How oft have I gone to Church (the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Assignment or Play, only for Diversion; or at best, as I must ere long (for ought I know) with my Soul sever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be imposed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of these High Treasons against the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to strike me through the very Centre? yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundless Pity and Compassion! My own Instances already tell me that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to shock Long-sufferance  
it

it ſelf, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle Attributes, of Mercy and Forgiveness, by the laſt dying Accents of my ſuffering Deity, have Pity on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing Sinner: And thou great Ransom of loſt Mankind, who offer'd thy ſelf a Sacrifice to atone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my Advocate, and intercede for me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhines,  
And (lo!) an Angel Poſt comes haſt'ning down  
From Heav'n, I ſee him cut the yielding Air;  
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;  
So quick, my Sight in the purſuit was flow,  
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go:  
No angry Meſſage in his Lock appears,  
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears;  
Comely his Shape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,  
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.

68 *A Sunday-Thought, &c.*

Such he was seen by the blest Maid of old  
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.  
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,  
Whose open'd Leaves the other seems to turn :  
Vast Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,  
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.  
Hark how the Heavenly Whisper strikes mine Ear,  
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here !  
Hail Sacred Envoy of th'Eternal King !  
Welcom as the Bless'd Tidings thou dost bring.  
Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'st but  
now,  
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,  
And might I here, O might I ever grow,  
Fix'd an unmov'd and endless Monument  
Of Gratitude to my Creator sent.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend,  
Mr. CHARLES MORWENT:

A P I N D A R I Q U E.

*Ignis utique quo clarius effulsit, citius exstinguitur, eripit se aufertque ex oculis subito perfecta virtus: quicquid est absoluti facilius transfluit, & optimi neutiquam diurnant.* Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

I.

(rate

**B**Est Friend! could my unbounded Grief but  
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;  
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,  
Great as my Wishes and thy greater Worth,  
All *Helicon* should soon be thine,  
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.  
The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,  
No longer nine, but one *Melpomene*:  
Each should into a *Niobe* relent,  
At once the Mourner and thy Monument,

Each should become

F 3

Like

Like the fam'd *Memnon's* speaking Tomb,  
 To sing thy well tun'd Praise ;  
 Nor should we fear their being dumb,  
 Thou still would'st make 'em vocal with thy Rays

## II.

O that I could distil my vital Juice in Tears!

Or waft away my Soul in sobbing Airs!

Where I all eyes,

To flow in liquid Elegies :

That every Limb might grieve,

And dying Sorrows still retrieve ;

My life should be but one long mourning day,

And like moist Vapors melt in Tears away.

I'd soon dissolve in one great Sigh,

And upwards fly,

Glad so to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.

A Sigh which might well nigh reverse thy death,

And hope to animate thee with new Breath ;

Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give

A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.



III.

Adieu, blest Soul! whose hasty Flight away  
Tells Heaven did ne'er display  
Such happiness to bless the World with stay.  
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmost Spite,  
And shew'd her Shafts most times are levell'd at the  
white.

She saw thy blooming Ripeness time prevent;  
She saw, and envious grew, and straight her Arrow  
sent.

So Buds appearing e'er the Frosts are past,  
Nip'd be some unkind Blast,  
Wither in Penance for their forward Haste.  
Thus have I seen a Morn so bright,  
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,  
As if it scorn'd to think of Night,  
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did shroud,  
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.

The day in funeral Blackness mourn'd,  
And all to Sighs and all to Tears is turn'd.

## IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;

Or Fate blaspheme?

We should thy full ripe Virtues wrong,

To think thee young.

Fate when she did thy vigorous Growth behold,

And all thy forward Glories told,

Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.

The brisk Endowments of thy Mind

Scorning i'th' Bud to be confin'd,

Out-ran thy Age, and left slow Time behind;

Which made thee reach Maturity so soon,

And at first Dawn present a full-spread Noon.

So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,

Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.

Thus the first Patern of our Race began

His Life in middle age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

## V.

So well thou acted'st in thy Span of Days,

As calls at once for Wonder, and for Praise,

Thy

**Mr. Charles Morwent.** 73

Thy prudent Conduct had so learnt to measure  
The different whiles of Toil and Leasure,  
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleasure;  
Thy busie Industry could Time dilate,  
And stretch the Thread of Fate :  
Thy careful Thrift could only boast the Power  
To lengthen Minutes and extend an Hour.  
No single Sand could e'er slip by  
Without its Wonder, sweet as high ;  
And every teeming Moment still brought forth  
A thousand Rarities of Worth.  
While some no other Cause for Life can give,  
But a dull Habitude to live ;  
Thou scorn'dst such Laziness while here beneath  
And Liv'dst that time which others only Breathe.

**V I.**

Next our just Wonder does commence,  
How so small Room could hold such Excellence.  
Nature was proud when she contriv'd thy Frame,  
In thee she labor'd for a Name :

Hence

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Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,  
 As if she meant hereafter to be poor,  
 And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.  
 Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd  
 All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;  
 Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie  
 Cramp't in a short Epitome.  
 So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,  
 And Jewels in a narrow Point confine  
 The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.

Thus subtle Artists can  
 Draw Nature's larger self within a Span :      ( all  
 A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and  
 Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

V.II.

Those parts which never in one Subject dwell,  
 But some uncommon Excellence foretel,  
 Like Stars did all constellate here,  
 And met together in one Sphere.  
 Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conspir'd  
 To make themselves and thee admir'd :      And

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And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have  
known,

Thou hadst all other Glories and thy self out done.

While some to Knowledge by degrees arrive,

Through tedious Industry improv'd,

Thine scorn'd by such pedantick Rules to thrive ;

But swift as that of Angels mov'd,

And made us think it was intuitive.

Thy pregnant Mind ne'er struggled in its Birth,

But quick, and while it did conceive, brought

The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain (forth ;

Were all unstrain'd, and without Pain.

Thus when great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bare

So easie and so mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown

As Gems are thick't in rugged Quarries sown.

Good Nature and good Parts so shar'd thy mind,

A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,

'Twas hard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd.



A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,  
 Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,  
 As every Heart attack'd.

Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,  
 As told thy Soul of Harmony was made ;  
 All rude Affections that disturbers be,  
 That mar or disunite Society,  
 Were Foreiners to thee.

Love only in their stead took up its Rest ;  
 Nature made that thy constant Guest,  
 And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

## IX.

This made thy Courtesie to all extend,  
 And thee to the whole Universe a Friend, (thee  
 Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and  
 No Strangers to thy Love could be,  
 Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.

Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd  
 (Like thy own Nation ) from all human kind ;  
 But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt  
 As firm by Love, as they by Earth annex.

Thou

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Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection  
Like theirs who love by dull Geography, (guide,  
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:

Thine reach'd to all beside,  
To every Member of the World's great Family:  
Heav'n's Kindness only claims a Name more ge-  
Which we the nobler call, (neral  
Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was, (please.  
Thou seem'dst corrupted with the very Power to  
Only to let thee gratifie,  
At once did bribe and pay thy Courtesie.  
Thy Kindness by Acceptance might be bought,  
It for no other Wages sought,  
But would its own be thought,  
No Suiters went unsatisfy'd away;  
But left thee more unsatisfy'd than they. (find  
Brave *Titus* !thou might'st here thy true Portraiture  
And view thy Rival in a private mind.  
Thou

Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,  
 When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,  
 Measur'd not by the *Sun's*, but thine own kinder  
 Rays.

(lost

Thou thought'st each Hour out of Lif's Journal  
 Which could not some fresh Favor boast,  
 And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydras*.

## XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,  
 Defflower their Largess with too flow a Grant:  
 Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys  
 What hardly can defray  
 The Expence of Importunities,  
 Or the Suspence of torturing Delay.  
 Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to sue,  
 Or thy too backward Kindness woo.  
 It moved with no formal State,  
 Like theirs whose Pomp does for Intreaty wait:  
 But met the swift'st Desires half way;  
 And Wishes did well nigh anticipate;

And

And then as modestly withdrew,  
Nor for its due Reward of Thanks would stay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodness to the happy most accrue ;  
Somewhat was to the miserable due,  
Which they might justly challenge too.  
What-e'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,  
The same did thine as wretched make ;  
Like yielding Wax, thine did th'Impression take  
And paid its Sadness in as lively Dress. (state,  
Thou could'st Afflictions from anothers Breast tran-  
And forein Grief inappropriate ;  
Oft-times our Sorrows thine so much have grown,  
They scarce were more our own ;  
Who seem'd exempt, thou suffer'dst all alone.

XIII.

Our small'st Misfortunes scarce could reach thy Ear,  
But made thee give in alms a Tear ;  
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in,  
As a just Tribute to their Miseries, (Sighs,  
Thine with their mournful Airs did symbolize  
Like

Like Throngs of Sighs did for its Fibres crowd,  
 And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:  
 Such is the secret Sympathy  
 We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes descry;  
 If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent  
 Its soft Complaint in pensive murmurs vent,  
 As if it did that Injury resent:  
 Untoucht the other strain returns the Moan,  
 And gives an Eccho to each Groan.  
 From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,  
 Like those which to condole are made,  
 As if its Bowels too a kind compassion had.

## XIV.

Nor was thy goodness bounded with so small extent,  
 Or in such narrow Limits pent.  
 Let Female Frailty in fond Tears distil,  
 Who think that Moisture which they spill  
 Can yield Relief,  
 Or shrink the Current of anothers Grief,  
 Who hope that Breath which they in sighs convey  
 Should blow Calamities away. Thine;



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Thine did a manlier Form express,  
And scorn'd to whine at an Unhappiness;  
Thou thought'st it still the noblest Pity to redress.  
So friendly Angels their Relief bestow

On the unfortunate below,  
Forwhome those purer minds no Passion know :  
Such nature in that generous Plant is found,  
Whose every Breach does with a Salve abound,  
And wounds it self to cure another's Wound.  
In pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice,  
Glad with expence of Blood to serve their Use :  
First with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,  
And after heals:

And makes those very Tears the remedy produce:

XV.

Nor didst thou to thy Foes less generous appear;  
( If there were any durst that Title wear, )  
They could not offer Wrongs so fast,  
But what were pardon'd with like haste;  
And by thy acts of Amnesty defac't.

Had he who wish'd the Art how to forget  
 Discover'd its new Worth in thee,  
 He had a double Value on it set,  
 And justly scorn'd the' ignobler Art of Memory.  
 No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose,  
 'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of those,  
 As of material Blows.

No Injuries could thee provoke,  
 Thy Softness always damp't the stroke:  
 As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.  
 Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,  
 Or chase thy temper from its settled State:  
 But still thou stoodst unhockt by all,  
 As if thou hadst unlearn't the Power to hate,  
 Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

## XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,  
 And own no Passions to resent Offence,  
 May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,  
 And Virtue on those Principles erect,  
 Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.

Let

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Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,  
Which their own Statues may possess,  
And they themselves when Carcasses.  
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,  
To court Abuses, that thou mightst forgive:  
Wrongs thus in high Esteem seem'd Courtesie,  
And thou the first was e're oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think these God-like Qualities  
Could stand in need of Votaries,  
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice:  
Each Affignation, each Converse  
Gain'd thee some new Idolaters.  
Thy sweet Obligingness could supple Hate,  
And out of it its contrary create.  
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels cease,  
And Fewds dissolv'd into a calmer Peace.  
Envy resign'd her Force, and vanquish'd Spite  
Became thy speedy Profelyte.

Malice could cherish Enmity no more ;

And those which were his Foes before,

Now wish'd they might adore.

*Cæsar* may tell of Nations took,

And Troops by force subjected to his Yoke :

We read as great a Conqueror in thee,

Who couldst by milder ways all Hearts subdue,

The Nobler Conquest of the Two ;

Thus thou whole Legions mad'st thy Captives be,

And like him too couldst look, and speak thy Victory.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderness

Thou didst Express:

To all, whom thou didst with thy Friendship bless :

To think of Passion by new Mothers bore

To the young Offspring of their Womb,

Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,

Ere Duty it become :

We should to mean *Ideas* frame,

Of that which thine might justly claim

And injure it by a degrading Name :

Con-

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Conceive the tender Care,  
Of guardian Angels to their Charge assign'd,  
Or think how dear  
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are,  
These are the Emblems of thy mind,  
The only *Types* to shew how thou wast kind.

XIX.

On whomsoe'er thou didst confer this Tye  
'Twas lasting as Eternity,  
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Destiny.  
Embraces would faint shadows of your Union  
(show,  
Unless you could together grow.  
That Union which is from Alliance bred,  
Does not so fastly wed,  
Tho it with Blood be cemented:  
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,  
Which twists the double Nature in Mankind  
Only so close can bind.  
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Vests* paid,  
Which they immortal as the Goddess made.  
G 3 Thy



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This noble Flames most fitly parallel;  
For thine were just so pure, and just so durable,  
Those feigned Pairs of Faithfulness which claim  
    So high a place in ancient Fame,  
    Had they thy better Pattern seen,  
    They'd made their Friendship more divine  
And strove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX

Yet had this Friendship no advantage been,  
    Unless 'twere exercis'd within;  
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,  
    The same made thy own Pow'rs agree,  
    And reconcil'd thy self to thee,  
    No Discord in thy Soul did rest,  
    Save what its Harmony increast.  
Thy mind did with such regular Calmness move,  
As held resemblance with the greater Mind above,  
    Reason there fix'd its peaceful Throne,  
    And reign'd alone.  
The will its easie Neck to Bondage gave,  
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.

The

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The Passions rais'd no Civil Wars,  
Nor discompos'd thee with intestine Jars:

All did obey,  
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.

All threw their resty Tempers by,  
And gentle Figures drew,  
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,  
As when themselves in their first Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,  
As if Humanity were lull'd asleep,  
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,

Time's unheard Feet scarce make less Noise,  
Or the soft Journey which a Planet goes,

Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath,  
A still Tranquility so hush'd thy Breast,  
As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest.

And there had built her Nest;  
It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest. (Peace,  
As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of

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Still with one even Face appears,  
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,  
No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears :

As that unspotted Sky,

Where *Nile* does want of Rain supply,  
Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free.  
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,  
And with such clear Serenity still shone,  
As caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate  
XXII. (Zone.

Let Fools their high Extraction boast, (cost  
And Greatness, which no Travel, but their Mothers',

Let 'em extol a swelling Name,

Which theirs by Will and Testament became ;  
At best but meer Inheritance,

As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.

Let some ill-plac'd Repate on Scutcheons rear  
As fading as the Colors which those bear ;

And prize a painted Field,

Which Wealth as soon as Fame can yield.

Thou

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Thou scorn'dst at such low Rates to purchase  
Worth,

Nor couldst thou owe it only to thy Birth,  
Thy self-born Greatness was above the Power  
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.  
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded  
bright,

Disdain'd to shine with borrow'd Light:

Thus from himself th' Eternal Being grew,  
And from no other Cause his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility

Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie :

If from thy better part we Measures take,

And that the Standard of our Value make,

Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry

To blazon thee.

Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings.

And look'd on Empires as poor humble things.

Great as his boundless Mind,

Who

Who thought himself in one wide Globe confin'd,  
And for another pin'd.

Great as that Spirit whose large Powers rowl  
Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl,  
And tell the World as well as Man can boast a Soul,

## XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,  
Or thee above the common Level set.  
Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar;  
( As things most lofty smaller still appear )  
With thee did no Alliance bear.

Love Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'd.  
Whose Owners lessen while they raise their Price;  
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,  
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole* :  
In thee the wid'st Extreame were joyn'd;  
The loftiest, and the lowliest Mind.

Thus tho some part of Heav'ns vast Round  
Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,

Yet



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Yet 'tis well known almost to bound the Spheres,  
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preserv'd this noble Frame,  
Thou stoodst at once secure  
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,  
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee  
the same :

( lower ;  
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depress thee  
But thou from thy great Soul on both look'dst  
down

( Frown  
Without the small concernment of a Smile or  
Heav'n less dreads that it should fir'd be .

By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,  
Less the bright Goddess of the Night

Fears those loud howlings that revile her Light,  
Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth  
should blast,

Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcast.

'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,  
And make what was the Fault the Punishment,  
What

What more Assaults could weak Detraction raise,  
 When thou couldest Saint disgrace,  
 And turn Reproach to Praise.  
 ( be,  
 So Clouds which would obscure the Sun, oft gilded  
 And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.  
 So Diamonds, when envious Night  
 Would shroud their Splendor, look most bright,  
 And from its Darkness seem to borrow Light.

## XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,  
 Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:  
 Could Virtue been but proof against Death's  
 Arms,  
 Th'adst stood unvanquish'd by these Harms,  
 Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.  
 Fond Pleasure, whose soft Magick oft beguiles  
 Raw unexperienc'd Souls,  
 And with smooth Flattery cajoles,  
 Could ne'er ensnare thee with her Wiles,  
 Or make thee Captive to her smoothing Smiles.  
 In

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In vain that Pimp of Vice assay'd to please,  
In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.  
Thy Prudence still that *Syren* past  
Without being pinion'd to the Mast:  
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;  
Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,  
And forc'd the Tempter still from that forbidden  
Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doting Age  
Could ne'er in the same Frenzy thee engage;  
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.  
Gallants, whom their high Breeding prize,  
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,  
Whose Talent is to court a fashionable Sin,  
And act some fine Transgression with a janty Meen,  
May by such Methods hope the Vogue to win.  
Let those gay Fops who deem  
Their Infamies Accomplishment,  
Grow scandalous to get Esteem;  
And by Disgrace strive to be eminent.

Here

Here thou disdainst the common Road,  
 Nor wouldst by ought be woo'd  
 To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.  
 Vice with thy Practice did so disagree,  
 Thou scarce couldst bear it in thy Theory.  
 Thou didst such Ignorance 'bove Knowledge prize,  
 And here to be unskill'd, is to be wise.

Such the first Founders of our Blood,  
 While yet untempted, stood  
 Contented only to know Good.

## XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,  
 Thou by no other Card thy Life didst steer.

No sly Decoy would serve,  
 To make thee from its rigid Dictates swerve,  
 Thy Love ne'er thought her worse  
 Because thou hadst so few Competitors.  
 Thou couldst adore her when ador'd by none  
 Content to be her Votary alone :

When

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When 'twas proscrib'd the unkind World  
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,  
When thought the Fantom of some crazy Brain  
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,  
A thin *Chimæra*, whom dull Gown-Men frame  
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dst no Crimes that shun'd the  
Light,  
Whose Horror might thy Blood affright,  
And force it to its known Retreat.  
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,  
And tell that Blushes are too weak to expiate :  
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,  
And the whole World thy Confessor.  
Conscience within still kept Affize,  
To punish and deter Impieties :  
That inbred Judge such strict Inspection bore,  
So travers'd all thy Actions ore ;  
Th' Eternal Judge could scarce do more :  
Those



*To the Memory of*

Those little Escapades of Vice,  
Which pass the Cognisance of most  
P'th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and lost,  
Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miss :  
Thou didst prevent the young desires of ill,  
And them in their first Motions kill :  
The very Thoughts in others unconfin'd  
And lawless as the Wind,  
Thou couldst to Rule and Order bind.  
They durst not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,  
And free from stain as thy most publick Actions  
were.  
Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,  
And court no other Paradise,  
Till want of Power  
Bids'em discard the stale Amour,  
And when disabled Strength shall force  
A short Divorce,  
Miscal that weak forbearance Abstinence,  
Which wise Mortality and better Sense

Stiles but at best a sneaking Impotence.

Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly

'Twas all free choice, nought of Necessity.

Thou didst that puny Soul disdain

Whose half strain Virtue only can restrain ;

Nor wouldst that empty Being own,

Which springs from Negatives alone.

But truly thoughtst it always Virtues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor did thou those mean Spirits more approve

Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,

Unbrib'd thou didst her sterling self espouse :

Nor wouldst a better Mistress chuse.

Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,

The first that e'er caress'd her the Platonick way.

To see her own Attractions drest,

Did all thy Love arrest,

Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Brest:

Thy generous Loyalty

Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,

H

But

But chose to serve her still without a Livery.

Yet wast thou not of Recompence debarr'd,

But countedst Honesty its own Reward ;

Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t'accrue,

For to be good to thee was to be happy too.

That secret Triumph of thy Mind,

Which always thou in doing well didst find,

Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven  
design'd.

# XXXI.

What Virtues few possess but by Retail

In gross could thee their Owner call ;

They all did in thy single Circle fall.

Thou wast a living *System* where were wrote

All those high Morals which in Books are sought.

Thy Practice did more Virtues share

Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,

Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethics* grew :

Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,

Which share their time 'twixt Extasie and Prayer.

Modest

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Modest as Infant Roses in their bloom,  
VVhich in a Blush their Lives consume,  
So chaste, the Dead are only more,  
VVho lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power,  
So pure, that if blest Saints could be  
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.  
Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow;  
Nor to ought else would for Accession owe:  
It only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,  
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did share;  
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.  
Its Motions always did to that bright Centre rowl,  
And seem'd t'inform thee only on Parole.  
Look how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline  
As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb;  
Or mark what hidden force  
Bids the Flame upwards take its course,  
And makes it with that Swiftness rise,

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As if 'twere wing'd by th'Air thro' which it flies.  
Such a strong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,  
And made 'em still to the blest Mansions tend.  
That mighty Slave whom thy proud Victor's  
(Rage  
Shut Pris'ner in a golden Cage,  
Condemn'd to glorious Vassalage,  
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,  
Nor his gay Bondage with less Patience bore,  
Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,  
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,  
And wish'd to disengage and fly away.  
It vex'd and chaf'd, and still desir'd to be  
Releas'd to the sweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its VVishes long unheard,  
Fate soon at its desire appear'd,  
And straight for an Assault prepar'd.  
A sudden and a swift Disease  
First on thy Heart Life's chiefest Fort does seize,  
And then on all the Suburb vitals preys :  
Nex



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Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,  
And scatters Poyson through its purple Flood.  
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it sends,  
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.  
Anguish through every Member flies,  
And all those inward *Gemonies*  
Whereby frail Flesh in Torture dies.  
All the staid Glories of thy Face,  
Where sprightly Youth lay checkt with manly  
Are now impair'd, (Grace,  
And quite by the rude hand of Sicknes mar'd,  
Thy Body where due Symmetry  
In just proportions once did lie,  
Now hardly could be known,  
Its very Figure out of Fashion grown;  
And should thy Soul to its old Seat return,  
And Life once more adjourn,  
'Twould stand amaz'd to see its alter'd Frame,  
And doubt (almost) whether its own Carcass were  
the same.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe  
Both for thy Virtue and our Praise;  
'Twas here thy Picture look'd moſt neat,  
When deep' ſt in Shades 'twas ſet,  
Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be  
Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.  
Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,  
And of its groſſer Load diſcharg'd,  
Began to act above its wonted rate,  
And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.  
So dying Tapers near their Fall,  
When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,  
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,  
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire.  
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,  
Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,  
Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his Set;  
And then he looks moſt great,  
And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXV.

(bear,

Thou sharpest Pains didst with that Courage  
And still thy Looks so unconcern'd didst wear :  
Beholders seem'd more indispos'd than thee ;

For they were sick in Effigie.

Like some well-fashion'd Arch thy Patience stood,  
And purchas'd Firmness from its greater Load.

Those Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint  
Would make another faint ;

Thou couldst endure with true Reality,  
And feel what some could hardly bear to see.

Those *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures chose,  
Subjecting all the Royal Issue to that Test

Could ne'er thy Sway refuse,  
If he deserves to reign that suffers best.

Had those fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,  
Thou'dst claim'd their Choice alone ;

They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,  
And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

## XXXVII.

All those Heroick Pieties,  
 VVhose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:  
 Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose hole Rage  
 Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,  
 VVho did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,  
     As if those Fires but lambent were;  
 Or they had founded their *Empyreum* there.  
 Might these repeat again their Days beneath,  
 They'd seen their Fates out-~~aged~~ by a natural  
     Death,  
 And each of them to thee resign his VVreath.  
 In spite of VVeakness and harsh Destiny,  
 To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:  
     So to caress a Doom,  
 As make its Sufferings Delights become:  
 So to triumph o'er Sence and thy Disease,  
 As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:  
 These Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhance,  
 And Sicknes to dry Martyrdom advance.

## XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Yet could not all these Miracles stern Fate avert,

Or make't without the Dart.

Only she paus'd a while with Wonder strook,

A while she doubted if that destiny was thine,

And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,

And hop'd she had mistook;

And wish'd she might have cut another Line.

But dire Necessity

Soon cry'd 'twas thee,

And bad her give the fatal Blow.

Strait she obeys, and straight the vital Powers grow

Too weak to grapple with a stronger Foe,

And now the feeble Strife forego.

Life's sap'd Foundation every Moment sinks,

And every Breath to lesser compass shrinks;

Last panting Gasps grow weaker each Rebound,

Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:

And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,

Ready to usher in Eternal Night.

XXXIX.



## XXXIX.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave  
 All the slight Horrors of the Grave:  
 Pale Death's Arrest  
 Ne'er shock'd thy Breast;  
 Nor could it in the dreadfulst Figure drest.  
 That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,  
 When the dire Ghosts of Crimes departed haunt,  
 Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldst that *Mormo*  
 dare,

And on the bare fac'd King of Terrors stare,  
 As free from all Effects as from the cause of Fear.

Thy Soul so willing from thy Body went,  
 As if both parted by Consent.

No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,  
 Only a Sigh, a Groan, and so away.

Death seem'd to glide with Pleasure in,  
 As if in this Sense too't had lost her Sting,  
 Like some well-acted Comedy Life swiftly past,  
 And ended just so still and sweet at last.

Thou

**Mr. Charles Morwent. 107**

Thou like its Actors, seem'dst in borrow'd Habit  
here beneath,

And couldst, as easily

As they do that, put off Mortality. (Breath,  
Thou Breathedst out thy Soul as free as common  
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

**XL.**

Go happy Soul, ascend the joyful Sky,  
Joyful to shine with thy bright Company :

Go mount the spangled Sphere,  
And make it brighter by another Star :  
Yet stop not there, 'till thou advance yet higher,  
'Till thou art swallow'd quite

In the vast unexhausted Ocean of Delight ;  
Delight, which there alone in its true Essence is,  
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliss :

Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,  
Which fill, but never cloy,  
Where Pleasures ever growing, ever new,  
Immortal as thy self, and boundless too.

There

There may'st thou learned by *Compendium*  
 For which in vain below (grow ;  
 We so much time and so much pains bestow.  
 There may'st thou all *Idea's* see,  
 All wonders which in Knowledg be  
 In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity,

## XLI.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Dust,  
 And puts on Sables for its tender Trust.  
 Tho' dead, it yet retains some untoucht Grace,  
 Wherein we may the Soul's fair Foot-steps trace;  
 Which no Disease can frighten from its wonted  
 E'en its Deformities do thee become, (place:  
 And only serve to consecrate thy Doom.  
 Those marks of Death which did its Surface stain  
 Now hallow, not profane.  
 Each Spot does to a Ruby turn ;  
 Those Afterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin

Point

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within :

Thy lesser, like the greater World appears

All over bright, all over stuck with Stars.

So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,

Hangs Pearls on every Limb.

Thus among ancient *Pills* Nobility

In Blemishes did lie ;

Each by his Spots more honorable grew,

And from their Store a greater Value drew.

Their Kings were know by th'Royal Stains they  
(bore,  
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLII.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greatest  
(State,  
Whose Surple seem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,

And all thy Body o'er

Its ruling Colours bore :

That which infected with the noxious Ill

But lately help'd to kill,

Whose Circulation fatal grew,

And

And thro' each part a swifter Ruin threw.

Now conscious, its own Murther would arraign,  
And throngs to fally out at every Vein.

Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,  
As if in its own Blushes 'twould its Guilt atone.

A sacred Rubrick does thy Carcass paint,  
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.  
So *Phæbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,  
And blushes he can live no longer to give Light.

## XLIII.

Let Fools, whose dying Fame requires to have  
Like their own Carcasses a Grave,  
Let them with vain Expence adorn

**Some costly Urn,**

Which shortly, like themselves, to Dust shall turn:

Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,  
Which Ruin shall ere long in its own Tomb interr.  
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built so high  
As if 'twould climb the Sky,  
And thence reach Immortality.

**Thy**



**Mr. Charles Morwent.** I I I

Thy Virtues shall emblam thy Name,  
And make it lasting as the Breath of Fame,  
When frailer Brass  
Shall moulder by a quick Decrease;  
When brittle Marble shall decay,  
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.  
Thy Praise shall live, when Graves shall buried lie,  
Till Time it self shall die,  
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

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To

*To the Memory of that worthy Gentle-  
man Mr. Harman Atwood.*

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Destiny,  
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,  
When thee, blest Saint, we cold and breathless see.  
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,  
Ought that is excellent might save,  
Had justly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,  
And cancell'd the black irreverfible Decree.  
Thou didst alone fuch Worth, fuch Goodnefs share  
As well deferv'd to be immortal here;  
Deserve a Life as lafting as the Fame thou art to  
At leaft, why went thy Soul without its Mate?  
Why

Why did they not together undivided go ?

So went ( we're told) the fam'd Illustrious Two.

( Nor could they greater Merits shew,

Altho'the best of Patriarchs that,

And this the best of Prophets was )

Heav'n did alive the blessed Pair translate ;

Alive they launch'd into Life's boundless Happiness,

And never past Death's Straights and narrow Seas ;

Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profession under Scandal lain,

And felt a general tho' unjust Disdain,

An upright Lawyer Contradiction seem'd,

And was at least a Prodigy esteem'd,

If one perhaps did in an Age appear,

He was recorded like some Blazing Star ;

And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,

As heretofore to the strange honest Publican.

To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks should

give,

I

To

114 *To the Memory of*

To thee who couldst alone its lost Repute retrieve.  
Thou the vast wide extremes didst reconcile,  
The first, almost, e'er taught it was not to beguile  
To each thou didst distribute Right so equally,  
Ev'n Justice might her self correct her Scales by thee.

And none did now regret

Her once bewail'd Retreat,

Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.

Henceforth succeeding Time shall bear in mind,  
And Chronicle the best of all the kind:

The best e'er since the man that gave

Our suffering God a Grave;

(That God who living no abode could find,

Tho' he the World had made, and was to save)

Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,

And make it from Corruption free:

(Fame,

Those Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of

And fixt a lasting Fragrancy upon his Name;

And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the stale musty Paradox of equal Souls;  
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,  
Avow'd by dull Philosophers and thinking Fools.  
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-  
thrown :

Here might the grave Disputers find  
Themselves all baffl'd by a single Mind,  
And see one vastly larger than their own,  
Tho all of theirs were mixt in one.  
A Soul as great as e'er vouchsaf'd to be  
Inhabiter in low Mortality ;  
As e'er th' Almighty Artist labour'd to infuse,  
Thro' all his Mint he did the brightest chuse ;  
With his own Image stamp't it fair,  
And bid it ever the Divine Impression wear :  
And so it did, so pure, so well,  
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell :  
So spotless still, and still so good,



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As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.  
Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born:  
It never did reproach its Birth,  
By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,  
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt  
and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who  
Can only by diffusing greater grow:  
He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,  
And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.  
So kind, so generous, and so free,  
As if he only liv'd in Courtesie,  
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,  
Only to want it did deserve the same:  
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and  
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store  
Was still the vast Exchequer of the Poor;  
And whatsoe'er in pious Acts went out  
He did in his own Inventory put:

For

For well the wise and prudent Banker knew  
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,  
And all th' expences of his Charity defray ;  
And so he did, both Principal and Interest too,  
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.  
Such, and so universal is the Influence  
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense,  
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,  
He travels round the World each day,  
And visits all Mankind, and every place,  
And scatters Light and Blessings all the way.  
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,  
Yet does he not like wasting Tapers spend.  
Tho' he ten thousand years disburse in Light,  
The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite

V.

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,  
As theirs who only partially are kind ;  
Or give where they Return expect to find :

But like his Soul, its fair Original ;

'Twas all in all,

And all in every part,

Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.

Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,

As Air and Sunshine he dispos'd his kindness free,

Yet scorn'd Requitals, and worse hated Flattery,

And all obsequious Pomp of vain Formality.

Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow.

Its Favours on our undeserving Race below :

Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries ;

Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.

To it alone our All we owe,

All that we are and are to be,

Each Art and Science to its Liberality,

And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.

Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude re-

(quire,

No Charge of Sacrifice desire ;

Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,

As heretofore,

To

Mr. Harman Atwood. 119

To make his Altars float, with reeking Gore  
A small Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,  
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthless Thanks  
and Praise.

IV

But how, blest Saint, shall I thy numerous Virtues  
(sum,  
If one or two take up this room?

To what vast bulk must the full *Audit* come?  
As that bold Hand that drew the fairest Deity,  
Had many naked Beauties by,  
(Line,  
And took from each a several Grace, and Air, and  
And all in one Epitome did joyn

To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:  
So must I do to frame thy Character.

I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,  
And then abridge it all,

And crowd, and mix the various *Idea's* there ;

And yet at last of a just Praise despair.

Whatever ancient Worthies boast,

Which made themselves and Poets their Describers  
great, (ate ;

From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines cre-

Thou hadst thy self alone engroft, (meet :

And all their scatter'd Glories in thy Soul did

And future Ages when they eminent Virtues see,

(If any after thee

Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,

Without the Fear of being far out-done)

Shall count 'em all but Legacy,

Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,

And thy fair Copy in a less correct Edition show.

## VII.

Religion over all did a just Conduct claim,

No false Religion which from Custom came,

Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name;

No Issue of devout and zealous Ignorance,

Or the more dull Effect of Chance;

But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,

That



**Mr. Harman Atwood. 121**

That knew all that it did believe, and why;

And for the glorious Cause durst die,

And durst out-suffer ancient Martyrology.

So knit and interwoven with its being so,

Most thought it did not from his Duty, but his Na-

ture flow,

Exalted far above the vain small Attacks of Wit,

And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,

Who try by little Raileries to ruin it,

( thing.

And jeer't into an unregarded poor defenceless

The Men of Sense who in Confederacy join

To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine

They'd have confest it pure, confest it all divine,

And free from all Pretences of Imposture or Design.

Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and  
the Stage,

And Profelyte as fast as they debauch the Age;

So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World  
reprieve,

Should a destroying Angel stand

With brandish'd Thunder in his Hand,

Ready

Ready the bidden Stroke to give.  
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

## VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,  
Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,  
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine  
(JarS:

Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she  
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,  
And harbor'd in her Bowels, Fewds and Civil Wars,  
Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,  
And of a soft and easie Mistress turn'd a Shrew.  
Passion and Anger went for marks of Grace,  
And Looks deform'd and sullen sanctify'd a Face.

Thou first its meek and primitive Temper didst  
restore,  
First shew'dst how men were pious heretofore:  
The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no  
Rest,

Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,  
And straight the swelling Waves decreast,  
And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,  
Like

## Mr Harman Atwood.

Like Winds and Storms where some fair *Halcyon*  
builds her Nest,

No overthreatning Zeal did thee inspire,

But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,

To warm, but not devour

And only did refine, and make more pure :

Such is that Fire that makes thy present blest A-  
(bode,

The Residence and Palace of our God.

And such was that bright unconsuming Flame,

So mild, so harmless and so tame,

Which heretofore i'th' Bush to *Moses* came :

At first the Vision did the wondring Prophet scare,

But when the Voice had check'd his needless fear,  
He bow'd and worshipp'd and confess the Deity was  
(there.

### IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Guest;

Hail new Inhabitant amongst the Blest!

Methinks I see kind Spirits in convoy meet,

And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.

Who

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Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief  
away.

To see a Soul more white, more pure than they :

By them thou'rt led on high

To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleasures make an endless  
Round

To which scant Time or Measure sets no Bound,

Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,

And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,

Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy :

Where Being is no longer Life but Extasie,

But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse,

And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse :

There happy Thou

From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Business free,

From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life be-

Enjoy't the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

*F I N I S:*



## C H A R A C T E R.

**N**O wonder if I am at a Loss to describe him, whom Nature was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in Painting, where the most mishapen Figures are the greatest Proofs of Skill. To draw a Thersites or Æsop well, requires the Pencil of Vandike or Titian, more than the best Features and Lineaments. All the thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very Idea and Conception of him are enough to cramp Grammar, to disturb Sense, and confound Syntax. He's a Solecism in the great Construction, therefore the best Description of him is Nonſence, and the fittest Character to write is in, that Pot-hook-hand the Devil at Oxford us'd in Queens Colledge Library. He were Topick enough for convincing an Atheist that the World was made by Chance. The first Matter had more of Form and Order, the Chaos more of Symmetry and Proportion. I could call him Nature's By-blow, Miscarriage and Abortive, or say, he is her Embryo slink'd before Maturity; but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher Pitch to reach his Deformity. He is the ugliest she ever took Pains to make so, and Age to make worse. All the Monsters of Africa lie kennell'd in his single Skin. He's one of the Grotesques of the Universe, whom the grand Artist drew only (as Painters do uncouth ugly Shapes) to fill up the empty Spaces and Cantons of this great Frame. He's Man anagrammatiz'd: A Mandrake has more of Humane Shape: His Face carries Libel and Lampoon in't. Nature at its Composition wrote Burlesque, and shew'd him how far she could out-do Art in Grimace. I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the Play-houses to draw Antick Vizards by.

I

With



*Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the Scaramachio of Mankind. When I see him, I can no more forbear than at sight of a Zany or Nokes; but am like to run the Risque of the Philosopher, looking on an Ass mumbling Thistles. He's more ill-favour'd than the Picture of Winter drawn by a Fellow that dawps Sign-Posts, more lowering than the last day of January. I have seen a handsomer Mortal carv'd in Monumental Gingerbread, and woven in Hangings at Mottlack. If you have ever view'd that wooden Gentleman that peeps out of a Country Barber's Window, you may fancy some Resemblance of him. His damn'd squeezing Close-stool-Face can be liken'd to nothing better than the Buttocks of an old wrinkled Baboon, straining upon an Hillock. The very Sight of him in a morning would work with one beyond Jalap and Rhubarb. A Doctor (I'm told) once prescrib'd him to one of his Parishioners for a Purge: he wrought the Effect, and gave the Patient fourteen Stools. 'Tis pity he is not drawn at the City Charges, and hung up in some publick Forica as a Remedy against Costiveness.*

*Indeed by his Hue you might think he had been employed to that use: One would take him for the Picture of Scoggin or Tarleton on a Privy-house Door, which by long standing there has contracted the Colour of the neighbouring Excrements. Reading lately how Garagantua came into the World at his Mother's Ear, it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth, that his Dam was deliver'd of him on either side, beshit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the Stains. His filthy Countenance looks like an old Chimney-piece in a decay'd Inn, sullied with Smoak, and the sprinkling of Ale-pots. 'Tis dirtier than an ancient rumb'd Record, greasier than a Chandler's Shop-book. You'd imagine Snails had crawl'd the Hay upon it. The Case of it is perfect Vellum, and has often been mistaken for it:*

## Character.

*A Scrivener was like to cheapen it for making Indentures and Deeds, besides 'tis as wrinkled as a walking Buskin. It has more Furrows than all Cotswold. You may resemble it to a Gammon of Bacon with the Sward off. I believe the Devil travels over it in his Sleep with Hob-nails in his Shoes. By the Maggot-eaten Sur-Face you d'swear he had been dug out of his Grave again with all his Worms about him to Bait Eel-hooks. But enough of it in General, I think it time to descend to Particulars; I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his Text, i. e. tear it asunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it. His Mouth (saving your presence Christian Readers) is like the Devils Arse of Peak, and is just as Large. By the Scent you'd take it for the Hole of a Privy: He may be winded by a good Nose at twelve-score; I durst have ventur'd at first being in Company that he dieted on Asa-fœtida. His very Discourse stinks in a Literal Sence; 'tis breaking-Wind, and you'd think he talk'd at the other End. Last New-years day he tainted a Loin of Veal with saying Grace: All the Guests were fain to use the Fanatical Posture in their own Defence, and stand with their Caps over their Eyes like Malefactors going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is that it can't be stopp'd: The Breach is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a Milliner, he might measure Ribbon by it without the help of his Yard or Counter. It reaches so far backwards, those, that have seen him with his Peruke off, say it may be discerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould stretch the Dutch-els of Cl — to straddle over: I had almost said, 'tis as wide as from Dover to Cal ce. Could he shut it, the Wrinkles round about would represent the Form of the Sea-mens Compass, and should he bluster, 'twere a pretty Emblem of those swelling Mouths, at the Corners of Maps puffing out Storms. When he Smoaks, I am always thinking of Montgibel and its Eruptions, His Head looks exactly like a*

## Character.

Devil on a Kitchen Chimney; His Mouth the Vent and his Nose the Fane. And now I talk of his Snout, I dare not mention the Elephants for fear of speaking too little: I'll make bold with the old Wit, and compare it to the Gnomon of a Dial; but that he has not Teeth enough to stand for the twelve Hours. 'Tis so long, that when he rides a Journey, he makes use of it to open Gates. He's fain to snuff it with both Hands. It cannot be wip'd under as much as the Royal Breech. A Man of ordinary Bulk might find Shelter under its Eves, were it not for the Droppings. One protested to me in Raillery that when he looks against the Sun, it shadows his whole Body, as some story of the Scionopodes Feet. Another Hyperbolical Rascal would make me believe that the Arches of it are as large as any two of London-Bridge, or the great Rialto at Venice. Not long ago I met a one-leg'd Farpawlin that had been begging at his Door, but could get nothing: The witty Whoreson (I remember) swore that his Bow-Sprit was as long as that of the Royal Sovereign. I confess, stood he in my way, I durst not venture round by his Forside, for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the Cape: He has this privilege for being unmannerly, that it will not suffer him to put off his Hat: And therefore ('tis said) at home he has a Cord fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a Pully, and so receives the Adresses of those that visit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himself sneeze these seven Years: And that leads me to his Tools of Hearing: His Ears resemble those of a Country Justice Black Jack, and are of the same matter, hue, and size: He's as well hung as any Hound in the Country; but by their Bulk and growing upward, he deserves to be rank'd, with a graver of Beasts: His single self might have shorn with Smeck, and all the Club Divines. You may pare enough from the sides of his Head to have furnish'd a whole Regiment of Round-Heads: He wears more there than all the Pillories in England.



## Character.

land ever have done. Mandevile tells us of a People somewhere, that use their Ears for Quilt-caps: He has reduced the Legend to Probability: A Servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private, that going to bed he binds them on his Crown, and they serve him instead of Quilt Night-Caps. The next observable that falls under my Consideration is his Back: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his Shoulders: He was built with a Buttress to support the weight of his Nose; and help ballance it. Nature hung on him a Knapsack, and made him represent both Tinker and Budget too. He looks like the Visible Tye of Eneas bolstring up his Father, or like a Beggar-Woman, endorst with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for Anti-Christophor with the Devil at his Back. I believe the Atlas in Wadham-Garden at Oxford was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a Cupping-Glass: His Mother longed for Pumpions, or went to see some Camel shown while she was conceiving him. One would think a Mole has crept into his Carcase before 'tis laid in the Church-Yard, and Rooted in it, or that an Earthquake had disorder'd the Symmetry of the Microcosm, sunk one Mountain and put up another. And now I should descend lower, if I durst venture: But I'll not defile my Pen: My Ink is too cleanly for a farther Description. I must beg my Reader's Distance: as if I were going to Untrusi. Should I mention what is beneath, the very Jakes would suffer by the Comparison, and 'twere enough to bring a Beg House in disgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good People on the Parliament-House, only from the Shoulders upwards. To me 'tis a greater Prodigy than himself, how his Soul has so long endured so nasty a Lodging. Were there such a thing as a Metempsycholis, how gladly would it exchange its Carcase for that of the worst and vilest Brute: I'm sufficiently perswaded against the whim of Prae-existence; for

## Character.

It is not the want of Reason would never have  
been guilty of some unheard of Sin, for which Heaven dooms  
it Penance in the Present Body, and ordains it its first Hell  
here. And 'tis disputable which may prove the worst, for 'tis  
suffered half an Eternity already. Men can hardly tell which  
of the two will out-live the other. By this Face you'd guess him  
one of the Patriarchs, and that he liv'd before the Flood.  
His Head looks as if 't had worn out three or four Bodies,  
and were Legacied to him by his Great-Grand-father. His  
Age is out of Knowledge. I believe he was born before Re-  
gisters were invented. He should have been a Ghost in  
Queen Mary's Days. I wonder Holingshead does not speak  
of him. Every Limb about him is Chronicle: Par and  
John of the Times were short-Livers to him. They say, he  
can remember when Pauls was Founded; and London-  
Bridge built. I my self have heard him tell all the Stories  
of York and Lanecster upon his own Knowledge. His  
very Cane and Spectacles are enough to set up an Antiqua-  
ry. The first was the Walking-staff of Lanfranc Arch-  
bishop of Canterbury which is to be seen by his Arms upon  
the Head of it. The other belong'd to the Chaplain of  
William the Conquerour; was of Norman make, and  
travell'd over with him. 'Tis strange the late Author of  
M. Fickle forgot to make his Sir Arthur Oldlove swear by  
them, the Oath had been of as good Antiquity as St. An-  
stin's Night-Cap, or Mahomet's Threshold. I have of-  
ten wonder'd he never set up for a Conjuror: His very  
Look would bring him in Vogue, draw Custom, and make  
Lilly and Gradbury. You'd take him for the Ghost of Old Haly  
or Albumazar, or the Spirit Frier in the Fortune Book; or  
his Head for the enchanted brazen one of Frier Bacon.  
I would pose a good Physiognomist to give Names to the  
Lines in his Face. I've observ'd all the Figures and Dia-  
grams in Agrippa and Ptolomy's Centiloquies there up-  
on.



on strike. And I other  
tance. And me all the At  
Brow and Chin. Some have admired how he came to  
admitted into Orders, since his very Face is against the  
Clergy: I guess he pleaded the Qualification of the Pre-  
bends of Old, withered, Toothless and deformed.  
He can pretend to Elisha only by his Baldness. The  
Devils Oracles were utter'd from such a Mouth.  
Twas then the Candidates for the Tripus were fain to  
plead Wrinkles and Grey Hairs; a Splay Mouth, and a  
goggle Eye were the cheapest Symon, and the ugly and  
crippled were the only men of preferment. And this leads  
me to consider him a little in the Pulpit. And there 'tis  
hard to distinguish whether that or his Skin be the coarser  
Wanscoat: He represents a Crackt Weather-Glass in a  
Frame. You'd take him by his Looks and Posture for Mug-  
gelton doing Penance and paulted with rotten eggs.  
Had his Hearers the trick of Writing short-Hand, I should  
fancy him an Offender upon a Scaffold, and them Penning  
his Confession. Not a fluxt Debauch in a sweating Tub  
makes worse Faces. He makes Doctrine as Folks do their  
Water in the Stone or Strangury. Balaams Ass was a  
better Divine, and had a better Delivery. The Thorn at  
Glastenbury had more Sence and Religion, and would  
make more Converts. He speaks not, but grunts, like one of  
the Gadareen Hogs after the Devils enter'd. When I came first  
to his Church and saw him perch'd on high against a Pillar, I  
took him by his gaping for some Juggler going to swallow Bibles  
and Hour-Glasses. But I was soon convinc'd that other  
Feats were to be play'd and on a sudden left all my senses  
in Noise. A Drunken Huntsman reeling to the whole he was  
a Prayer, asked if he were giving his parish a Hol-  
low: He has preached half his Parish out of the Church  
beyond the Catadupi of Nile: All his hearers are gone.

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MAY

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OF



# REMAINS

OF

*Mr. John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

---



L O N D O N :

Printed for *H. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* over  
against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*. 1697.

Ready the bidden Stroke to give:  
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

## VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,  
Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,  
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine  
(Jars:

Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she  
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,  
And harbor'd in her Bowels, Fewds and Civil Wars.  
Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,  
And of a soft and easie Mistress turn'd a Shrew.  
Passion and Anger went for marks of Grace,  
And Looks deform'd and sullen sanctify'd a Face.  
Thou first its meek and primitive Temper didst  
restore,  
First shew'dst how men were pious heretofore:  
The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no  
Rest,  
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,  
And straight the swelling Waves decreast,  
And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,  
Like



## Mr Harman Atwood. 12

Like Winds and Storms where some fair *Halcyon*  
builds her Nest,  
No overthreating Zeal did thee inspire,  
But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,  
To warm, but not devour  
And only did refine, and make more pure :  
Such is that Fire that makes thy present blest A-  
(bode,  
The Residence and Palace of our God.  
And such was that bright unconsuming Flame,  
So mild, so harmless and so tame,  
Which heretofore i'th' Bush to *Moses* came :  
At first the Vision did the wondring Prophet scare.  
But when the Voice had check'd his needless fear,  
He bow'd and worshipp'd and confest the Deity was  
(there.

### IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Guest;  
Hail new Inhabitant amongst the Blest!  
Methinks I see kind Spirits in convoy meet,  
And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.  
Who

124 *To the Memory of, H. M.*

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief  
away

To see a Soul more white, more pure than they :

By them thou'rt led on high

To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleasures make an endless  
Round

To which scant Time or Measure sets no Bound,

Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,

And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,

Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy :

Where Being is no longer Life but Extasie,

But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse,

And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse :

There happy Thou

From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Busi-  
ness free,

From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life be-  
(low;

Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

*F I N I S:*

## C H A R A C T E R.

**N**O wonder if I am at a Loss to describe him, whom Nature was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in Painting, where the most mishapen Figures are the greatest Proofs of Skill. To draw a Thermites or Æsop well, requires the Pencil of Vandike or Titian, more than the best Features and Lineaments. All the thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very Idæa and Conception of him are enough to cramp Grammar, to disturb Sense, and confound Syntax. He's a Solecism in the great Construction, therefore the best Description of him is Nonience, and the fittest Character to write it in, that Pot-hook-hand the Devil at Oxford us'd in Queens Colledge-Library. He were Topick enough for convincing an Atheist that the World was made by Chance. The first Matter had more of Form and Order, the Chaos more of Symmetry and Proportion. I could call him Nature's By-blow, Miscarriage and Abortive, or say, he is her Embryo slink'd before Maturity; but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher Pitch to reach his Deformity. He is the ugliest she ever took Pains to make so, and Age to make worse. All the Monsters of Africa lie kennell'd in his single Skin. He's one of the Grotesques of the Universe, whom the grand Artist drew only (as Painters do uncount ugly Shapes) to fill up the empty Spaces and Cantons of this great Frame. He's Man anagrammatiz'd: A Mandrake has more of Humane Shape: His Face carries Libel and Lampoon in't. Nature at its Composition wrote Burlesque, and shew'd him how far she could out-do Art in Grimace. I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the Play-houses to draw Antick Vizards by.

I

With

*Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the Scaramuchio of Mankind. When I see him, I can no more forbear than at sight of a Zany or Nokes; but am like to run the Risque of the Philosopher, looking on an Als mumbling Thistles. He's more ill-favour'd than the Picture of Winter drawn by a Fellow that dawbs Sign-Posts, more lowering than the last day of January. I have seen a handsomer Mortal carv'd in Monumental Gingerbread, and woven in Hangings at Mortlack. If you have ever view'd that wooden Gentleman that peeps out of a Country Barber's Window, you may fancy some Resemblance of him. His damn'd squeezing Close-stool-Face can be liken'd to nothing better than the Buttocks of an old wrinkled Baboon, straining upon an Hillock. The very Sight of him in a morning would work with one beyond Jalap and Rhubarb. A Doctor (I'm told) once prescrib'd him to one of his Parishioners for a Purge: he wrought the Effect, and gave the Patient fourteen Stools. 'Tis pity he is not drawn at the City Charges, and hung up in some publick Forica as a Remedy against Costiveness.*

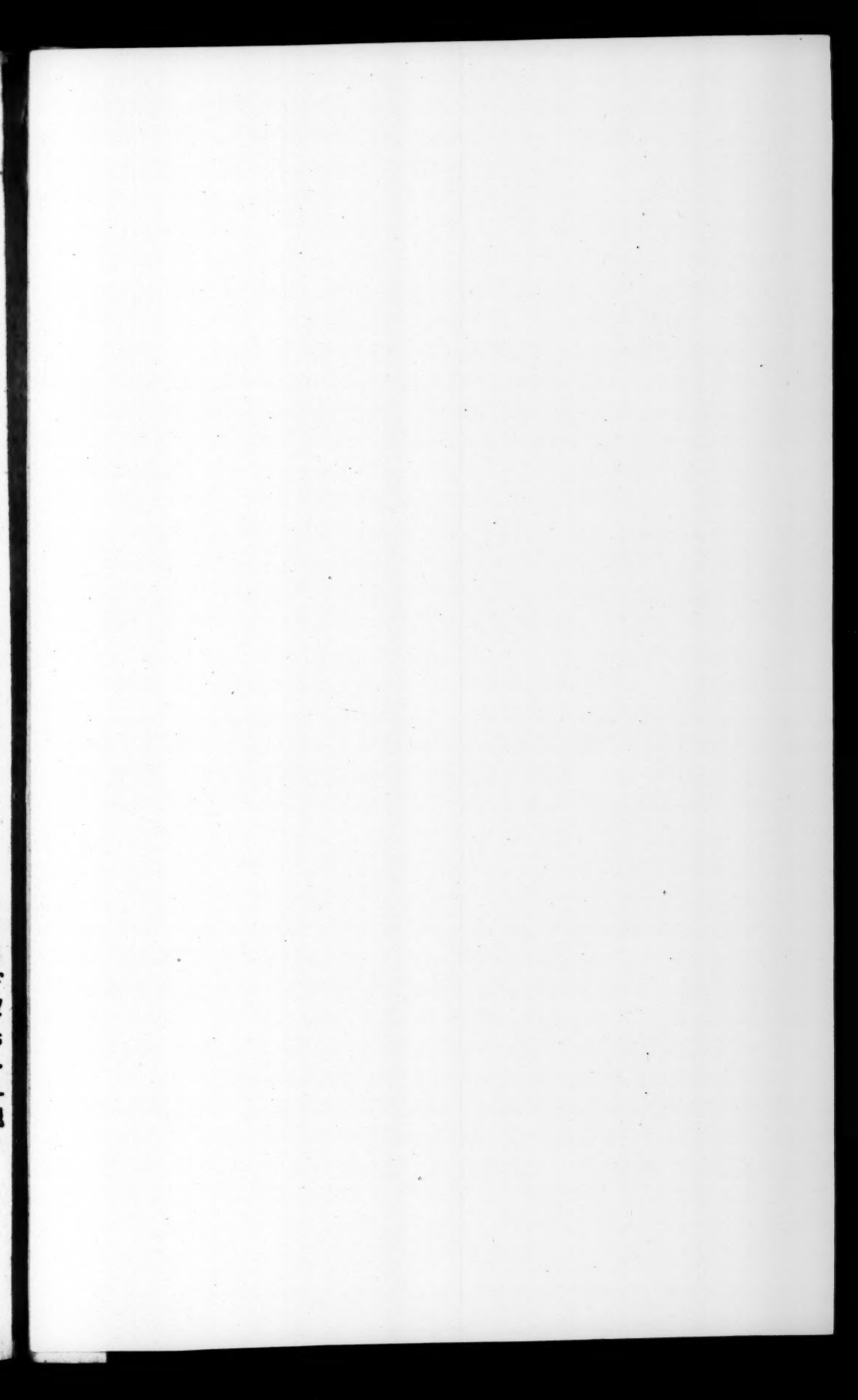
*Indeed by his Hue you might think he had been employed to that use: One would take him for the Picture of Scoggin or Tarleton on a Privy-house Door, which by long standing there has contracted the Colour of the neighbouring Excrements. Reading lately how Garagantua came into the World at his Mother's Ear, it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth, that his Dam was deliver'd of him on either side, bespit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the Stains. His filthy Countenance looks like an old Chimney-piece in a decay'd Inn, sullied with Smoak, and the sprinkling of Ale-pots. 'Tis dirtier than an ancient thumb'd Record greater than a Chandler's Shop-book. You'd imagine Snails had crawl'd the Hay upon it. The Case of it is perfect Vellum, and has often been mistaken for it:*

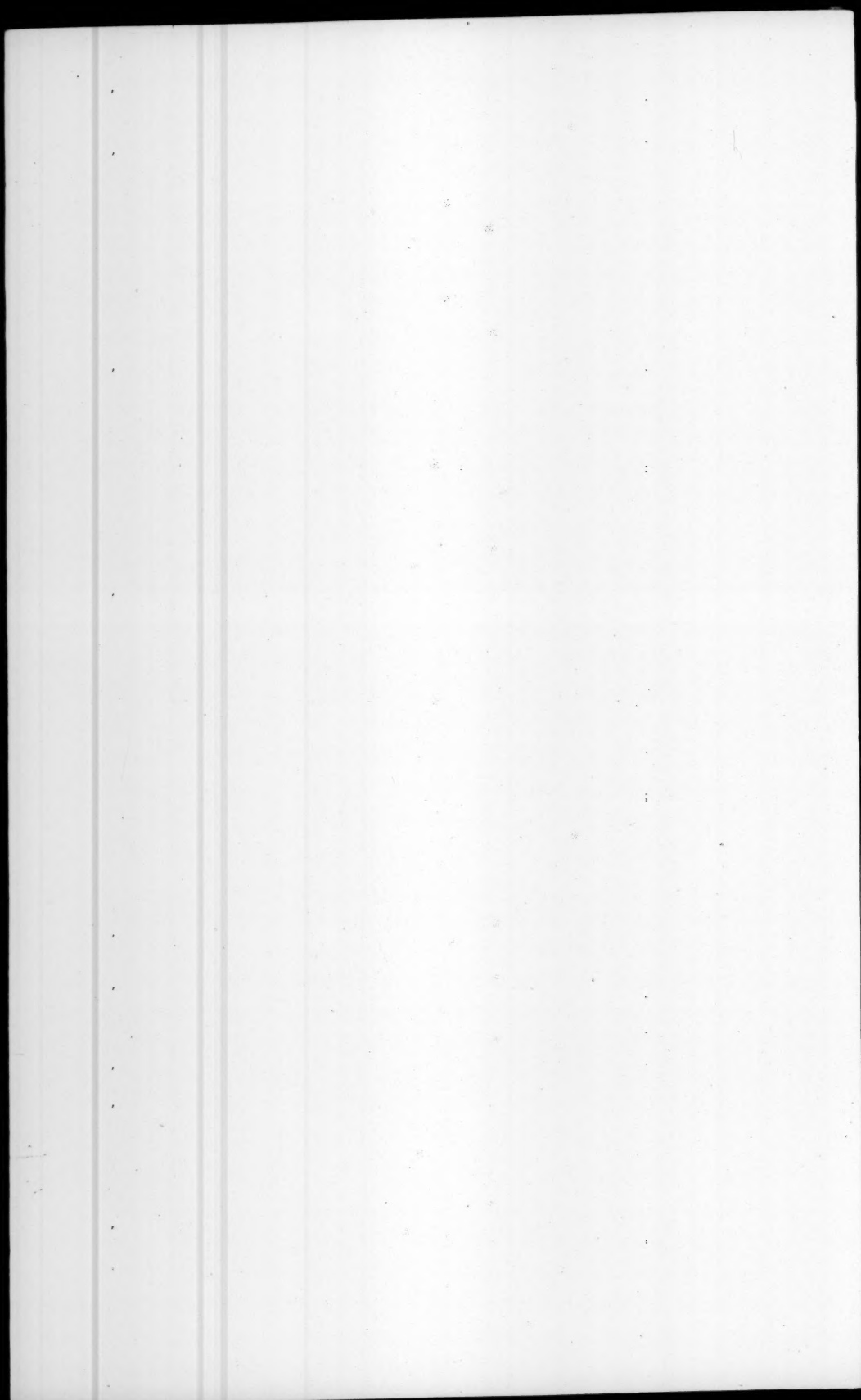


A Scrivener was like to cheapen it for making Indentures and Deeds, besides 'tis as wrinkled as a walking Buskin: It has more Furrows than all Cotsfold. You may resemble it to a Gammon of Bacon with the Sward off. I believe the Devil travels over it in his Sleep with Hob-nails in his Shoes. By the Maggot-eaten Sur-Face you d'swear he had been dug out of his Grave again with all his Worms about him to Bait Eel-hooks. But enough of it in General, I think it time to descend to Particulars; I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his Text, i. e. tear it asunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it. His Mouth (saving your presence Christian Readers) is like the Devils Arse of Peak, and is just as Large. By the Scent you'd take it for the Hole of a Privy: He may be winded by a good Nose at twelve-score; I durst have ventur'd at first being in Company that he dieted on Asa-foetida. His very Discourse stinks in a Literal Sence; 'tis breaking-Wind, and you'd think he talk'd at the other End. Last New-years day he tainted a Loin of Veal with saying Grace: All the Guests were fain to use the Fanatical Posture in their own Defence, and stand with their Caps over their Eyes like Malefactors going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is that it can't be stopp'd: The Breach is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a Milliner, he might measure Ribbon by it without the help of his Yard or Counter. It reaches so far backwards, those, that have seen him with his Peruke off, say it may be discerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould stretch the Dutche's of Cl—to straddle over: I had almost said, 'tis as wide as from Dover to Cal'ce. Could he shut it, the Wrinkles round about would represent the Form of the Sea-mens Compass, and should he bluster, 'twere a pretty Emblem of those swelling Mouths, at the Corners of Maps puffing out Storms. When he Smoaks, I am always thinking of Mongibel and its Eruptions, His Head looks exactly like a



Devise on a Kitchen Chimney; His Mouth the Vent and his Nose the Fane. And now I talk of his Snout, I dare not mention the Elephants for fear of speaking too little: I'd make bold with the old Wit, and compare it to the Gnomon of a Dial; but that he has not Teeth enough to stand for the twelve Hours. 'Tis so long, that when he rides a Journey, he makes use of it to open Gates. He's fain to snite it with both Hands. It cannot be wip'd under as much as the Royal Breech. A Man of ordinary Bulk might find Shelter under its Eves, were it not for the Droppings. One protested to me in Raillery that when he looks against the Sun, it shadows his whole Body, as some story of the Sciopodes Feet. Another Hyperbolical Rascal would make me believe that the Arches of it are as large as any two of London-Bridge, or the great Rialto at Venice. Not long ago I met a one-leg'd Tarpawlin that had been begging at his Door, but could get nothing: The witty Whoreson (I remember) swore that his Bow-sprit was as long as that of the Royal Sovereign. I confess, stood he in my way, I durst not venture round by his Forside, for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the Cape: He has this privilege for being unmannerly, that it will not suffer him to put off his Hat: And therefore ('tis said) at home he has a Cord fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a Pully, and so receives the Addresses of those that visit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himself sneeze these seven Years: And that leads me to his Tools of Hearing: His Ears resemble those of a Country Justices Black Jack, and are of the same matter, hue, and size: He's as well hung as any Hound in the Country; but by their Bulk and growing upward, he deserves to be rank'd, with a graver of Beasts: His single self might have shown with Smeck, and all the Club Divines. You may pare enough from the sides of his Head to have furnisht a whole Regiment of Round-Heads: He wears more there than all the Pillories in England





land ever have done. Mandevile tells us of a People somewhere, that use their Ears for Cushions: He has reduced the Legend to Probability: A Servant of his (that could not conceal the Midas) told me lately in private, that going to Bed he binds them on his Crown, and they serve him instead of Quilt Night-Caps. The next observable that falls under my Consideration is his Back: Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his Shoulders: He was built with a Buttress to support the weight of his Nose; and help ballance it. Nature hung on him a Knap-sack, and made him represent both Tinker and Budget too. He looks like the Visible Tye of Æneas bolstring up his Father, or like a Beggar-Woman, endorst with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for Anti-Christopher with the Devil at his Back. I believe the Atlas in Wadham-Garden at Oxford was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a Cupping-Glass: His Mother longed for Pumpions, or went to see some Camel shown while she was conceiving him. One would think a Mole has crept into his Carcase before 'tis laid in the Church-Yard, and Rooted in it, or that an Earthquake had disorder'd the Symmetry of the Microcosm, sunk one Mountain and put up another. And now I should descend lower, if I durst venture: But I'll not defile my Pen; My Ink is too cleanly for a farther Description. I must beg my Reader's Distance: as if I were going to Untruss. Should I mention what is beneath, the very Jakes would suffer by the Comparison, and t'were enough to bring a Bog-House in disgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good People on the Parliament-House, only from the Shoulders upwards. To me 'tis a greater Prodigy than himself, how his Soul has so long endured so nasty a Lodging. Were there such a thing as a Metempsychosis, how gladly would it exchange its Carcase for that of the worst and Vilest Brute: I'm sufficiently perswaded against the whim of Præ-existence; for

any thing that had the Pretence of Reason would never have entered such a Durance of Choice: Doubtless it must have been guilty of some unheard of Sin, for which Heaven dooms it Penance in the Present Body, and ordains it its first Hell here. And 'tis disputable which may prove the worst, for's has suffered half an Eternity already. Men can hardly tell which of the two will out-live the other. By this Face you'd guess him one of the Patriarchs, and that he liv'd before the Flood: His Head looks as if's had worn out three or four Bodies, and were Legacied to him by his Great-Grand-father. His Age is out of Knowledg. I believe he was born before Registers were invented. He should have been a Ghost in Queen Mary's Days. I wonder Holingshead does not speak of him. Every Limb about him is Chronicle: Par and John of the Times were short-Livers to him. They say, he can remember when Pauls was Founded, and London-Bridge built. I my self have heard him tell all the Stories of York and Lanecster upon his own Knowledge. His very Cane and Spectacles are enough to set up an Antiquary. The first was the Walking-staff of Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury which is to to be seen by his Arms upon the Head of it. The other belong'd to the Chaplain of William the Conquerour; was of Norman make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis strange the late Author of M. Fickle forgot to make his Sir Arthur Oldlove swear by them, the Oath had been of as good Antiquity as St. Austin's Night-Cap, or Mahomet's Threshold. I have often wonder'd he never set up for a Conjuror: His very Look would bring him in Vogue, draw Custom, and nudo Lilly and Gadbury. You'd take him for the Ghost of Old Italy or Albumazar, or the Spirit Frier in the Fortune Book; his Head for the enchanted brazen one of Frier Bacon. I would pose a good Physiognomist to give Names to the Lines in his Face. I've observ'd all the Figures and Diagrams in Agrippa and Ptolomy's Centiloquies there up-



on strict view. And t'other day a Linguist of my Acquaintance shew'd me all the Arabick Alphabet betwixt his Brow and Chin. Some have admir'd how he came to be admitted into Orders, since his very Face is against the Canon: I guess he pleaded the Qualification of the Prophets of Old, to be withered, Toothless and deformed. He can pretend to be an Elisha only by his Baldness. The Devils Oracles heretofore were utter'd from such a Mouth. 'Twas then the Candidates for the Tripus were fain to plead Wrinkles and Grey Hairs; a Splay Mouth, and a goggle Eye were the cheapest Symon, and the ugly and crippled were the only merit of preferment. And this leads me to consider him a little in the Pulpit. And there 'tis hard to distinguish whether that or his Skin be the coarser Wainscoat: He represents a Crack'd Weather-Glass in a Frame. You'd take him by his Looks and Posture for Muggelton doing Penitence and pained with rotten eggs. Had his Hearers the trick of Writing short-Hand, I should fancy him an Offender upon a Scaffold, and then Penning his Confession. Not a fluxt Debauch in a sweating Tub makes worse Faces. He makes Doctrine as Folks do their Water in the Stone or Strangury. Balazins As was a better Divine, and had a better Delivery. The Thorn at Glastenbury had more Sense and Religion, and would make more Converts. He speaks not, but grunts, like one of the Gadareen Hogs after the Devils enter'd. When I came first to his Church and saw him perch'd on high against a Pillar, I took him by his gaping for some Juggler going to swallow Bibles and Hour-Glasses. But I was soon convinc'd that other Feats were to be play'd and on a sudden lost all my Sences in Noise. A Drunken Huntsman reeling in the while he was a Prayer, asked if he were giving his Parishioners a Hollow: He has preached half his Parish deaf: His Din is beyond the Catadupi of Nile: All his Patrons Pigeons,  
are

are frighted from their Apartment; and he's generally believed the Occasion: He may be heard farther than Sir Samuel Moorlands Flagelet. Nay one damn'd mad Rogue swore: Should he take a Text concerning the Resurrection, he might serve for the last Trumpet. And yet in one Respect he's fitted for the Function. His Countenance, if not Doctrine, can scare men into Repentance, like an Apparition: Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, than now while he is alive.

A Maid meeting him in the Dark in a Church-Yard, was frighted into Phanaticism. Another is in Bedlam upon the same Occasion: I dare not approach him without an Exorcism. In the Name, &c. is the fittest Salutation: Some have thought the Parsonage House haunted since he dwelt there. In York-shire ('tis reported) they make use of his Name instead of Raw-Head and Bloody-bones to fright Children. He is more terrible than those Phantoms Country Folks tell of by the Fire side, and pretend to have seen, with Leathern-wings, Cloven-feet, and Sawcer-eyes: If he go to Hell (as 'tis almost an Article of my Creed, he will) the Devils will quake for all their warm Dwelling, and crowd up into a Nook for fear of him.

FINIS.

*[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]*